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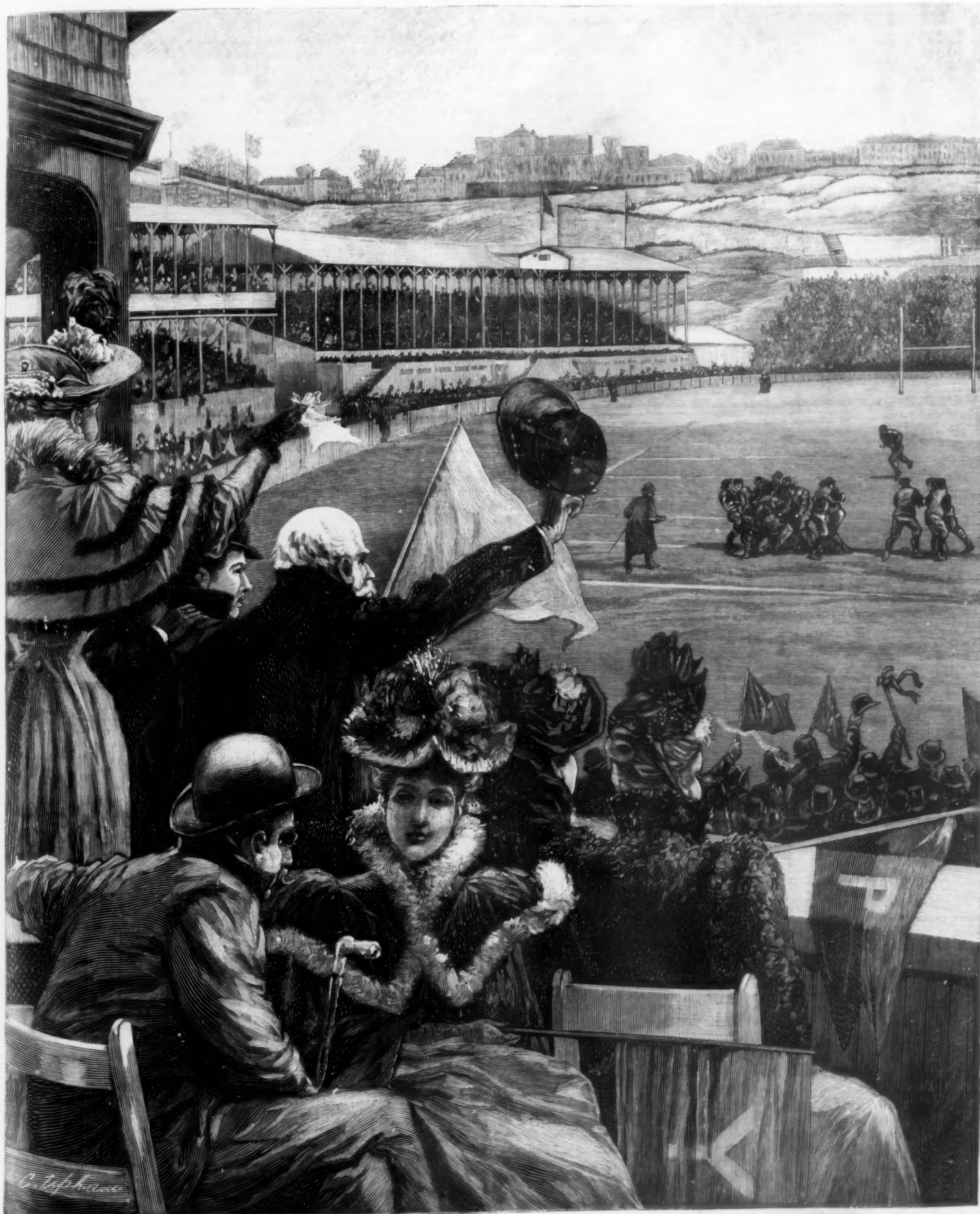
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

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THE GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN YALE AND PRINCETON ON THANKSGIVING DAY.
(Sketched from the Club House by C. UPHAM.)

ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 14th Street, New York.

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"LET US HAVE PEACE" AND ENTERPRISE.

MR. CARLISLE, Secretary of the Treasury, well explained the monetary conundrum the other day in his after-dinner speech before the Chamber of Commerce, when he said it is useless to try to make silver the equal in value of gold without the assent of the other nations. Gold is the standard, and the only standard. It is as idle to try to force silver to the front as was KING CANTUE's effort to sweep back the ocean tides with a broom. In this one passage Mr. CARLISLE presents the whole question very forcibly:

"The country has recently heard a great deal about bimetalism and a double standard. For my part, I have never been able to understand what is meant by a double standard, or double measure of value. To my mind it seems as absurd to contend that there should be two different standards or measures of value as it would be to insist upon having two yardsticks of different lengths or two gallons of different dimensions. If there were two standards, or measures, not equal in value, it is evident that one of them must be a false measure. If the silver dollar and the gold dollar were of precisely the same value, and could be so used at all times, there would be, in fact, but of values one standard, one unit for the measurement."

Gold is the only international money, and all trade balances are settled in gold, or on a gold basis; and, as Mr. CARLISLE very truly says, "it is useless for the advocates of a different system to insist that this ought not to be so; it is so, and we cannot change the fact."

In saying this Mr. CARLISLE very prudently also added that it does not follow because gold is the international standard that no other medium of circulation shall be used; but "it does follow that no part of our currency, whether it be silver or paper, should be permitted to depreciate below the established and recognized standard."

It needs no profound wisdom or close study of the money question to recognize the soundness of Mr. CARLISLE'S views. What we need now is a rest about all this eternal silver and gold discussion on all sides. "Let us have peace," and let our merchants take courage from the wise counsel of Mr. CARLISLE by opening wide again the gates of enterprise and liberal investment in safe business.

CRUELTY OF KEEPERS.

THE charges against Keeper BROCKWAY, of the Elmira, N. Y., Reformatory, are of such a nature as to call up a general inquiry into the conditions which surround the position of all keepers, whether in charitable, reformatory or penal institutions. Mr. BROCKWAY, it is generally admitted, has long been a successful penologist. Why is it that, at this late day, after years of experience, he is guilty of extreme harshness and apparent lack of that judgment which years devoted to any other special calling bring to the majority of men?

The position of keeper is a trying and thankless one. No man, it is popularly assumed, is fit for it who has not the ability to punish and enforce discipline in cold blood and with temper under perfect control, no matter what provocation presents itself. Now, let us suppose these qualities to be present. Punishments are inflicted in cold blood. There is no anger. After a while there is no pity. Next there is no appreciation, on the part of the keeper, of the keenness of the suffering he is causing his subjects. He has no feeling in the matter at all.

Is it possible that the keeper, who starts out with the best intentions, develops finally into the hardened, heartless, feelingless man whose firmness knows no distinctions, sees not that his subject is not fit to be punished,

cares naught for anything but the iron-clad rules? The question is worth investigating.

If the theory turns out to be correct, then there comes a time when the experienced keeper or penologist becomes unfit for his duties, and that, too, solely and entirely owing to the fact of that very experience itself. It is well known that old surgeons usually become hardened to the sufferings of their patients, so that they can bear the sight of sufferings. In some minds this hardening develops into cruelty to the patients. Is it true, also, with reference to keepers? If it is, the cruelty of it all to helpless prisoners must be abolished in the name of humanity.

THE MOST UNPOPULAR OF TAXES.

IT is amazing to find so-called Democratic journals like the *World* clamoring for an Income Tax. No measure could be more unpopular among wage-earners and men of small means, though the *World* holds that only the millionaires would oppose it. The very rich men—at least the majority of such—glory in having their great wealth known to the world, for it is a luxury that can be enjoyed without serious inconvenience. Your millionaire has many ways of evading just payment of taxes not open to men of moderate means. The real objection to an income tax is its inquisitorial nature. To enforce it necessitates visitations and official inquiries most distasteful to the wage-earners and to other modest strugglers for the wherewithal to live. The experiment was tried during our Civil War, and proved most unpopular then. It was resorted to as a war measure. There is no such excuse now. An act which makes the poor man exaggerate his means through false shame, and extorts from him more than his fair share of the burdens, ought not to be favored under republican government.

THE SILVER LINING.

EVERY few days for several weeks past the stock market has dropped, then rallied slightly, and dropped again later on. Many of our esteemed daily contemporaries here in New York attributed the drop in each case to the fact that the Sherman Law was not repealed soon enough; and when the rally came, they ascribed it to the fact that the repeal remedy was beginning to take hold. When this remedy has done its full and millennial work, the old metaphor about the silver lining to the dark cloud must be abandoned. Nature must learn to paint that gloomy, lowering cloud above us, that poets have sung, with a gold lining. The silver lining will then have become the forerunner of impending disaster. But until that time comes we must continue to use the silver lining as a cheerful indication. In that sense it is used in this place.

The financial and industrial sky is certainly clearing. The New York banks are overrun with money that no reasonable man could refuse. A standing committee of gentlemen stand ready to buy fifty or one hundred million dollars' worth of United States bonds at par, and at a mere nominal rate of interest—a rate so low that if it obtained in the rural districts the farm mortgage evil would be considered a great national blessing, and the producer of fifty-cent wheat would as soon part with his farm mortgage as with Old Doll, the Percheron brood-mare that has raised so many fine colts for him that she does not owe him a cent, the dear creature. Every little while gold comes from Europe, and a shipment of the precious metal the other way has not been made for a long time, except when it went abroad for health, dissipation or friendly hobnobbing with royalty and quality.

Many fires have been lighted for the winter in the iron regions of Pennsylvania and other States. The revision of the tariff is promised on lines that will not disturb or still further disquiet the protected industries. When the workmen begin to earn they will begin to buy what they need, and merchants and manufacturers will begin to need some of the idle money in the banks. The farmer has cheap wheat for bread and for next year's seeding; he will probably do his chores this winter on a tolerably full stomach, read ONCE A WEEK'S cheerful pages from week to week, so that hope will thrive in his household until the bluebirds whistle and the winter wheat shows up with promise in the spring. Perhaps by that time the repeal bill will have taken hold—and the old-fashioned silver lining will be in full sheen.

AN INTERNATIONAL VIEW.

BY what right, under international law, is it proposed to interfere, one way or the other, in Hawaii at this time? No government has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of another country. Supposing that Minister STEVENS did, openly, covertly, or by sympathy, lend aid or countenance to the Honolulu revolutionists, who have since established and maintained the Provisional Government, the Administration at Washington is neither bound to right the wrongs of Queen LILUOKALANI, if such there be, nor justified in even protesting against or withdrawing its recognition from President DOLE and his supporters.

Let us take a supposable parallel case of current notoriety. If MELLO triumphs in the Brazilian rebellion, and establishes a government which the people of Brazil acknowledge, and that government goes ahead with its

administrative duties, we should be bound to recognize it, just as we recognized the Congressionalists in Chili after the downfall of BALMACEDA. Whether or not we should be bound to acknowledge an empire under young Count D'EC, regarded purely as a question of international law, can be answered only in the affirmative. The Monroe Doctrine might, of course, stir in its sleep long enough to whisper a weak protest; but of what pertinency would such a protest be against the will of the Brazilian people?

The right time for this country to meddle in Hawaii and Brazil is in time of peace. Our influence in both countries is not what it ought to be, nor what it might easily be. At the present time there is a dispute or a rebellion or an attempted revolution, internal troubles, in those countries, and we have no right to meddle, except to protect the rights of American citizens.

It is the royalists' turn at revolution now in Hawaii against a government already recognized by this and other governments. Let them take care of themselves. If Minister STEVENS, representing this country, disobeyed orders or exceeded his right of protection to American citizens last winter, Washington may deal with him; but it has no right to meddle with President DOLE'S government at Honolulu, which is an accomplished fact, whether by right or by right, and must be let alone. Hands off, in Hawaii!

Considering the general nature of South American governments, and the particular circumstances under which and the peculiar means by which President PEIXOTTO holds power in Brazil, perhaps we have gone too far already in our courtesies to Minister MEXDONCA. Let us go no further. Hands off in Brazil, too! And let other nations understand that they must keep hands off in the matter of an empire, if MELLO triumphs. Applied properly, and within the limits of the rights of all nations and peoples, the Monroe Doctrine is first-class international law. In its long sleep, and used to help PEIXOTTO against MELLO, as a Brazilian partisan rebel leader, it is doubtful and a very poor stick. Let them all fight it out; and if American interests gain by the mistake, error or connivance of STEVENS at Honolulu—why, let them have. We'll not hang STEVENS, nor restore Queen LILUOKALANI and her admittedly scandalous and corrupt regime, which, for several years, plundered and oppressed native Hawaiians, and American settlers and their Hawaiian-born sons.

WHY DO YOU VOTE?

WE do not ask how you vote or for whom you vote. That is the privilege, prerogative or calling, it seems, of the ward heeler with the red nose and the patch over his weather eye. The question now is, Why do you leave home, give up a part of your business, and go to the polls to cast your ballot? The work must be worth while. It is, therefore, worth doing well.

Of course, you have been thinking for yourself for several days very severely and patiently; and for years—many years, perhaps—you have been studying public questions, the trend of party sentiment, the changes of parties, the wearing out of some legislation that may be patched and of other legislation that has been patched so often that there is no room for another patch, unless you patch the patches.

But, in fact, do you not vote because you are an independent American citizen? In other words, are you not an independent voter? There are a few voters in every community who are personally, sometimes financially, interested in the success of a certain political party, ring, or machine; but the large majority of American voters have no interest in the success of a party or policy, except in so far as one or both of these may promote the general welfare.

The independent voter has been misrepresented, perhaps more often misunderstood, by well-meaning people. The principal characteristic of the independent is a constant state of openness to conviction, suspense, indecision, doubt, up to the time of voting. There are some voters who show these qualities, and are simply waiting to see what votes are worth in cash; but they are not independents—they are the pattern partisans, only one step removed in infancy below the voters who vote for a thieving ring or machine, or for the political party whose tenets on national issues they do not hold, merely because they are interested in the success of the ring or machine, or because they expect office or other reward from the political party.

The reason why the independent votes, and always votes, is because, no matter how poor he is, the ballot is one of the precious gifts of freedom that money cannot buy. He votes because he means to save that precious gift and make it count. He often votes so as to keep his home and his children free from the contaminations and oppressions permitted by political criminals in large city rings. He always votes as he honestly believes, whether he is called "turncoat" or not by "those who do not know." He is the mainstay of republican institutions. He holds the balance of power. Politicians from the White House downward must reckon him in their calculations. The independent rules the United States and keeps the political atmosphere clear. The independents are the people.

Doctor (to patient)—"Just take your wife and start on a holiday."

Patient—"But, doctor, you spoke of rest."

THE Italian Ministry under Premier Giolitti resigned November 24. This is no ordinary change in the government. The downfall of the Ministry may be followed by the impeachment of many of its members. After a thorough and impartial investigation a Parliamentary Committee reports that Signor Giolitti and most of his colleagues in the Ministry are implicated in the Roman Bank scandals.

CABINET collapses seem to be the order of the day. On top of the Italian crisis, accompanied by the disgraceful parliamentary scenes the other day, comes the announcement of the resignation of the French and Serbian Cabinets. In France the trouble seems to have been the unwillingness on the part of M. Dupuy, the Premier, to move forward too recklessly with so-called reforms. The Socialists clamored for reform of the half-divorce absolute of Church and State, and several other things deemed impracticable by sober-minded Cabinet officers, who believed in slow and sure progress. French Radicals remind one of Spanish Radicals under the short-lived Republic of Castelar. They would sweep away old institutions without regard to consequences—pull down without first preparing something stable as substitutes. In Serbia the trouble seems to have been about the tariff, which may break down Cleveland's Cabinet, too, when the real work of revision begins. Next will be Austria and Germany, where the opposing factions are by no means sleeping on their arms. The young Kaiser is sulking—the old Kaiser is watching the uneasy movements in Hungary and Bohemia.

How VIGOROUS our own American young republican giant seems while all these quakings and quiverings unsettle Europe! We are strong and progressive with the strength and progressiveness of firm faith in our institutions. While Europe trembles we celebrate our happy triumphs in war and peace. The last evidence in this line was the unveiling of the monument to Nathan Hale, in City Hall Park, one of the martyrs of our Revolution, whose last words breathed a regret that he had only one life to sacrifice to the cause of his country and for mankind.

SENATOR CULLOM of Illinois, a fast friend of Secretary Gresham, characterizes his action in the Hawaiian affair, so far, as "a humiliating spectacle to any true American citizen, as well as the most insensate exhibition of compound mendacity, malice, viciousness and outrageous exercise of official power that the world has witnessed in modern times." Where will the honorable Senator find words when Minister Willis takes President Dole by the nape of the neck and pitches him into the great crater of the volcano Kamae-never-to-hut, overlooking the wondering Pacific wave, where Kōhala of Hawaii, the lawful heir to the throne, was waiting for the girl he left behind him, the same night that Queen Liliuokalani, on a lark, could not get back into her palace with the latch-key, and has had to stay out ever since?

THE new constitution of Belgium marks the first modification in Belgian organic law since 1831. The right of suffrage has been confined hitherto mostly to land owners and capitalists, less than two hundred thousand in all; in future about one and one-quarter million people will cast about two million votes. Single men above twenty-five years who are citizens have one vote, married men above twenty-five and bachelors above thirty-five have two votes, men of property who are well educated or who hold public offices that demand special talent and education have three votes. Voting in Belgium is a duty as well as a right, and severe penalties are imposed upon all who refrain from voting. No citizen above twenty-five is disfranchised.

YALE won another brilliant victory over Harvard at football on Saturday, November 25, in the presence of some thirty thousand spectators, at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass. We have preserved, in spite of our boasted nineteenth century civilization, some of the primitive savagery, that we take such delight in games attended so frequently with brutality and death. The tournaments of the Middle Ages were far more refined and picturesque. Why not revive them, if we must have violence to sate our appetites? One would think that university students could make better use of their time than football seems to afford.

THE New York Court of Appeals has confirmed a judgment of fifteen thousand dollars and all costs in favor of a trolley victim who lost a leg; yet the law of the Empire State fixes five thousand dollars as the maximum damages collectable by the heirs of a person killed through the fault of a corporation or individual, as in the case of a railroad wreck. This apparent inequality is only apparent; for a person maimed for life is entitled to greater damages than his heirs would be by reason of his death. A man's health even is of more value and importance to himself than his life can be to any other persons, even to his family.

THE dissensions in the Knights of Labor General Assembly at Philadelphia last week were between the factions of General Master Workman Powderly and of Secretary-Treasurer Hayes. The delegates to the assembly re-elected Powderly against the Hayes candidate, November 21, and on the 22d re-elected Hayes against the Powderly candidate. Except in so far as opposition is a healthy sign of life among the Knights, all dissensions ought to cease now among the leaders. The delegates have voted concession. Let the magnates do likewise to compromise their differences.

CHIEF OF POLICE McKANE has threatened to sue all the newspapers for libel, because they accused him of unlawful practices at the fall elections in Gravesend, where no Republican or Independent was allowed to canvass the registration lists at Gravesend or in any other way interfere with McKane's political methods there. The combined suits will make the chief a millionaire, if he wins, unless his lawyers take it all, which is hardly likely.

In an interview at New York last week, Minister Mendonça said that when the Brazilian war is over no quarter should be given to Mello and his followers, that Brazil has been too lenient with her rebels, and that any attempt to restore monarchy there will be met by a terrible war, in which the republic will receive its baptism of blood, but will come out victorious. But this

is all to be taken with the proviso that Mello eventually comes out second best.

MR. ASTOR's *Pall Mall Gazette* has discovered a sensation: Russia and the Standard Oil Company are to form an international petroleum trust. But, unlike the New York brand of real sensations, the tired-out New York millionaire's *Pall Mall Gazette* sensation gives no names, facts, figures, detectives, residences, specifications or interviews. Tut, tut, Mr. Astor; come home and take a few lessons in the art of sensation-making.



THE LATE EX-SECRETARY RUSK.

THE debt of the Union Pacific Railroad is two hundred and fifty million dollars, and Receiver S. H. H. Clark says the road cannot carry such a load unless some plan of reorganization satisfactory to the creditors is carried out at once. The November interest was paid to the government on its second mortgage bonds; but the road was unable to pay the interest on the first mortgage bonds, and was forced into a receivership.

THE British steamer *Olive Branch* was wrecked on the Lincolnshire coast during the storm of November 20. The sole survivor testified at the inquest on the bodies of the victims that the Nablethorpe life-boatmen could have saved all of the crew, but made no attempt to launch their boat. The jury censured the life-boat crew for neglect of duty, and demanded an inquiry.

A PARTY signing himself "W. Draper," is asking people, by circular-letter, to send one dollar to him, P. O. Box 262, Brooklyn, in aid of an association to protect the public schools and keep State and Church separate. The Brooklyn postmaster says "W. Draper" has no connection with P. O. Box 262. Unless he mends his ways, this party and the State may come together in a violent collision.

A FIRE broke out, November 22, in Springfield, Mass., destroying two million dollars' worth of property. It began shortly after midnight, and raged for six hours. Aid was summoned from Hartford, Holyoke and Chicopee. The fire was caused by the spontaneous combustion of rags, and was burning in the center of a four-story block for a long time before it was discovered.

COMMANDER STANTON, relieved from the command of the United States fleet in Brazilian waters, for replying to a salute from Admiral Mello, claims that in so doing he simply complied with the code of naval etiquette. He is expected in Washington in December. There is a revulsion of feeling in his favor, and he may be re-instated.

PREMIER WINDISCH-GRAETZ has told the Austrian Reichsrath that the immediate work of the Cabinet will be to extend the suffrage to many classes, especially workmen, and to secure the political rights of peasants and citizens. Until this scheme of electoral reform is carried out, all other subjects must wait.

PEIXOTO's shot from the forts at Niteroy sank Mello's warship *Javary* November 23. The crew were saved. It is believed the *Javary* sank because she was too heavy. The incident is of little importance in the Brazilian war. Two days previously Mello had captured Fort Loge.

THE Lehigh Valley Railroad strike is still on, as we go to press. There was some tendency to violence last week. Mobs at various points endangered the lives of new men by stoning the trains.

GENIAL CHARLEY O'NEILL, "the father of the House of Representatives," so called by reason of his long service, died in Philadelphia, on the night of the 25th ult., aged seventy-two years.

THE restored Metropolitan Opera House of New York was reopened on Monday, November 27, with "Faust," with Mme. Eumer and De Reske in the principal roles.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., is not a very large town in some respects; but its Needlewoman's Guild distributed one thousand garments to the poor to-day.

"This money question bothers me," said Jagson. "When I have it I don't want it, and when I want it I cannot get it."

EARTHQUAKE shocks continue in Persia. Twelve thousand persons have perished.

THE Danbury, Conn., hat manufacturers have shut out the unions.

THE yellow fever epidemic in Brunswick, Ga., is at an end.

THE LATE EX-SECRETARY RUSK.

THE late Jeremiah M. Rusk, formerly Secretary of Agriculture, whose death occurred November 21, after a painful illness, was an example of how a man of humble origin may rise to the highest places under our beneficent system of government. He was a poor farm lad, left fatherless at an early age, and obliged to support his mother and family by the yieldings of a small patch of land in Morgan County, Ohio. Nevertheless, though obliged to work hard nine months in the year, he managed to get the basis of education at the district log-cabin school during the remaining three months. We all know what good profit he made of this rather slim basis, and how he built up thereon a solid and enduring education in the after years of a very busy and successful life. And yet Mr. Rusk, though thus studious and hardworked, was the life of all popular amusements, barn raisings, husking bees, con hunts, taffy pullings and spelling bees. "Uncle Jerry," as he was familiarly called, was tall, handsome, manly, athletic, with soft, twinkling blue eyes, and those winning ways that gain favor among men and women alike. He was sixty-three years of age when he died.

A SUPPER TO HENRY IRVING.

THAT flourishing novelty, the American Dramatists' Club, which has gathered into its fold nearly every American writer for the stage, and whose aims are the betterment of the American drama and (incidentally) of dramatists' fortunes, has a specially good time once a month. It is their laudable custom at stated intervals to entertain distinguished people of the dramatic profession. Now a great actor, now a great manager, now a foreign dramatic author.

They are late birds, these dramatists. They only meet for food and fun when "the theatres are out." So it was that at eleven o'clock on the night of Nov. 28th they sat down at the Imperial Hotel with Mr. Henry Irving, the English tragedian, in the place of honor on the right of Acting President Charles A. Byrne. Here it may be said that Bronson Howard, the president, is in Europe. How well the distinguished guest enjoyed himself in such jolly company, what good things he said and how modestly he spoke of his own achievements will not be forgotten by any who heard him. A "formal welcome," which did not turn out to be too formal, was delivered on behalf of the Club by Joseph I. C. Clarke. It dealt with Mr. Irving's career from many standpoints, but notably from that of what his stage life of nearly forty years has meant for the lifting up of the acted drama. How late the dramatists sat and exchanged anecdotes that might it boots not to tell. —(See page 13.)

"BROKEN IDOLS" AND "JEEMS."

WITH this number we issue two complete stories, "Broken Idols" and "Jeems," by Miss Adelaide Holliston. "Broken Idols" is a pathetic love story setting forth the troubles of two orphan sisters, who—the one unwillingly, the other unconsciously—are rivals for the affections of the same man. A generous but mistaken sense of duty impels Kitty, the fortunate one, to go away, leaving a free field for her sister, Gifford Vane, the hero of the story, finding that Kitty is lost to him, subsequently marries Helen. The sequel of this union proves most unhappy. Helen's discovery of the true state of affairs being followed by tragic consequences. The conclusion is somewhat hopelessly sad, but could not well have been otherwise. The moral of the story seems to be that altruism may overreach itself, and that, where the affections are concerned, Nature's instinct is the safest guide.

"Jeems" is a touching story of rural life, in which the two principal characters are "Miss Tab," a kind-hearted but eccentric old maid, and "Jeems," an orphan boy, to whom, in spite of herself, she becomes strongly attached. The history of the somewhat curious relation between this oddly-assorted pair is told with great skill and many charming touches of Nature.

OUR SEWING COMPETITION.

As announced in our last issue, we have, for the reason then stated, decided to extend the time for making entries for our sewing competition from November 30, until December 16. Our lady subscribers should take advantage of this opportunity to compete for the three handsome prizes offered, namely:

- First prize—A solid gold thimble.
- Second prize—Glove-box and one dozen pairs of kid gloves.
- Third prize—A lady's work-box.

COUPON

COUPON

RULES OF THE CONTEST.

1. The robe must be made of washing material, such as lawn, long-cloth or muslin, and sewed entirely by hand, except for decorative stitching, which may be done by machine. It may be plain or trimmed with lace or embroidery, or in any way the fancy of the worker dictates.
2. No professional seamstress will be permitted to compete for the prize.
3. Every robe must be accompanied by a guarantee that it is the unaided work of the competitor.
4. This coupon must be cut out and attached to each piece of work submitted.
5. The competition will close December 16.

COUPON

COUPON

STRANGER—"How is the circulation of your paper coming on?"

EDITOR Kazoo—"Printing four billions a week."

STRANGER (presenting card as paper manufacturer)—"Gee whizz; all on those few quires I make for you?"

Hard Times Made Easy.

MILLIONS of Tobacco users are pulling and sitting, money and their vitality away. It can be easily, quickly, permanently stopped by using No-To-Bac, guaranteed cure for tobacco habit in every form. 100,000 cured last year. Sold by druggists. Booklet mailed free—called: "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away." Tobacco users should read it. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Box 1273, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. Chicago office, 45 Randolph Street.



EDGAR FAWCETT.



ALBERT HARDY.



O. S. TEALL.



E. S. VAN ZILE.



A. S. CODY.

THE COMMITTEE WHO AWARDED THE PRIZE IN THE MARRIAGE PROPOSAL CONTEST.

THE Brooklyn tax-payers are now being raided by sneak thieves.

NEW YORK rapid transit is underground—not in operation and not in sight.

A THREATENED strike in the sheet mills at Pittsburgh has been averted, and seventeen thousand men are thereby kept at work in thirty mills.

GEORGE ROETH, who took a dislike to the Delmonico windows and fired his pistol at them, has been adjudged no crank, but drunk. He will be prosecuted for malicious mischief.

THE Tiger hunt has begun in New York; but the agile beast is deep in the jungles yet, apparently not greatly agitated, for Tammany is not making much noise these days.

THE cash for the long-talked-of elevated electric railroad between New York and Chicago is again said to be ready. Important meetings were held in Cleveland last week by the projectors.

REPRESENTATIVE BLAND says he will introduce a free coinage bill in the House at the regular session, reviving the act of 1837, and repealing all the anti-silver legislation since and including the act of 1873.

ANOTHER building company for Brooklyn, city of homes as well as churches. The Johnson Building Company, with a capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was incorporated at Albany November 22.

FIVE employees and one ex-employee defended an Illinois Central train against bandits on the night of September 20, and the company has given each of the men a medal and three shares of Illinois Central stock.

THE Clark O. N. T. Thread Works at Newark, N. J.,

made their employees glad, November 22, by posting notices at the factory that hereafter they would work three-quarters time, instead of half-time. Sew far, sew good.

SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX immigrants landed at Ellis Island November 21. Four hundred of them were Russians, of whom two hundred and eighty were penniless. They are detained by immigration authorities as paupers.

DURING the recent gales on the British coast the life-boats responded to sixty signals, and saved more than two hundred lives. The lives lost in the storm throughout Europe probably exceed five hundred. The disturbance originated in the West Indian tropics.

HUNDREDS of lives have been lost and thousands of houses destroyed by recent floods in Japan, and the Chinese pirates have been unusually active in the midst of the calamities, robbing the helpless people, the authorities being powerless to prevent their depredations.

THE official cholera statistics of Russia show that from May to September, 1892, there were 433,643 cases and 215,157 deaths; from January to November, 1893, 76,167 cases and 30,284 deaths. The decrease is quite marked, but the figures are somewhat appalling at the lesser figures.

COLONEL ISAAC TRUMBO, an extensive mine owner of Utah, came to the Fifth Avenue Hotel here one day last week, and told a party of Eastern magnates that when they repealed the Sherman Law for what ailed the country they pulled the wrong tooth. The colonel says every Western Congressman will be on hand at the regular session with a new silver bill in his pocket. Colonel Trumbo is going to Washington himself.

THE Madison Square Bank case has been brought to the attention of the New York Grand Jury by District Attorney Nicoll, and the Attorney-General of the State has applied to the Supreme Court for the dissolution of the concern on account of its insolvency. Miles M. O'Brien and James J. Cannon have been appointed permanent receivers.

THE ten Russian convicts picked up in the Pacific Ocean and arrested on their arrival at San Francisco, presumably under the terms of the Russian extradition treaty, have been released by order of Secretary Carlisle. They probably escaped from the living death of the Siberian convict mines and committed themselves to the more merciful waves in some frail craft. It would have been an outrage upon humanity to send them back; and it was a bit of needless officialism to make their cases a possible source of international dispute.

THE United States Supreme Court decides that the Great Lakes, including the connecting rivers, are "high seas." The decision was rendered in the case of Robert G. Rogers, indicted under the High Seas Act for assaulting a man aboard the United States steamer *Alaska*, in the Detroit River. The term "high seas" originally meant the open or inclosed waters of the ocean; but the decisions of admiralty courts, prize courts and other sources of international law have extended the term in recent years to the Mediterranean Sea; and the Great Lakes, being open to international navigation, must come under the same decision. The force of this argument is cogent with reference to Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Superior, and their connecting rivers, because they are boundary bodies of water between the United States and the Dominion of Canada; but it is less clear as applied to Lake Michigan, one of the Great Lakes that lies wholly within the United States.

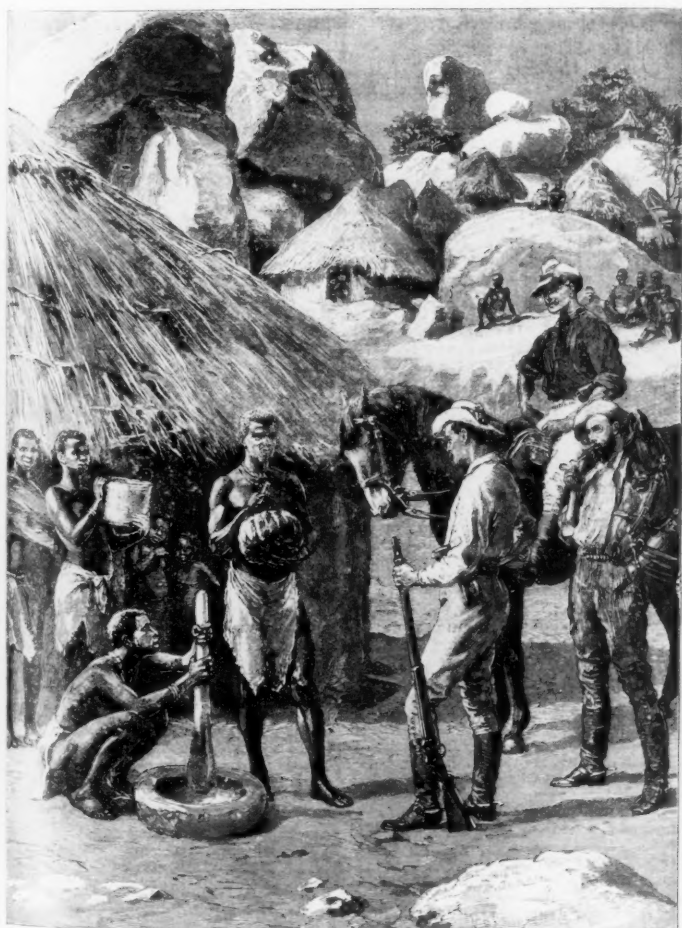


"DELMONICO'S AT SIX."

Not from the comedy of that title, but a careful illustration of the recent comic scene at the famous restaurant, as described by a gentleman who almost witnessed it.

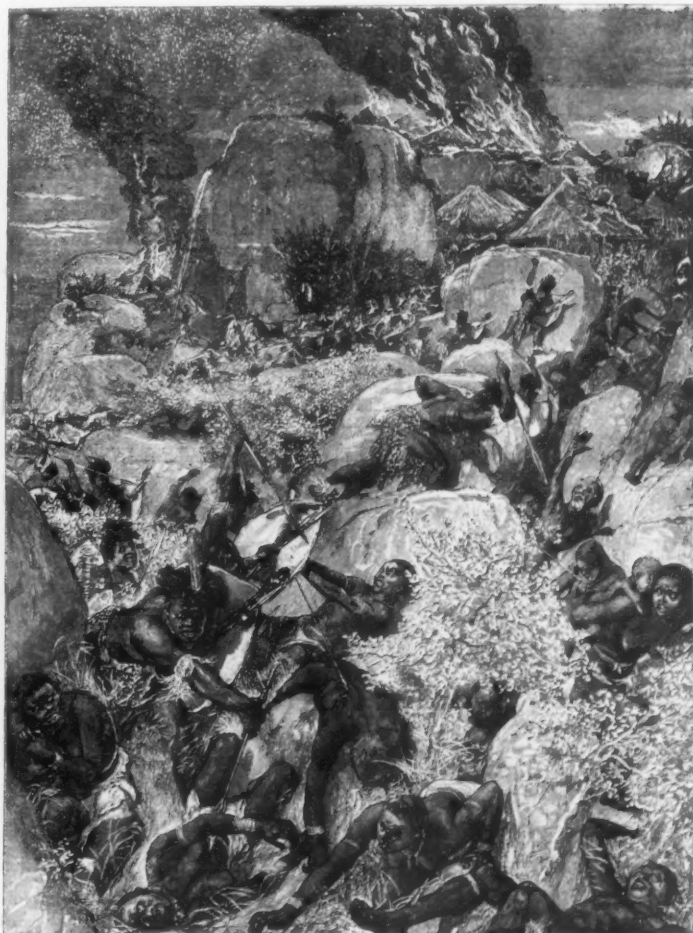


LAST SCENE OF LAST ACT OF "OLAF," NOW PERFORMING AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.
The king discovers that the young hunter he has condemned to death is his own son.



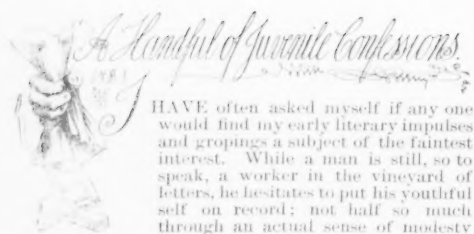
"FRIENDS!"

IN MASHONALAND: THE PEACEFUL RESULTS OF BRITISH OCCUPATION.



"FOES!"

IN MASHONALAND: THE CRUEL EFFECTS OF A MATABILI RAID.



HAVE often asked myself if any one would find my early literary impulses and gropings a subject of the faintest interest. While a man is still, so to speak, a worker in the vineyard of letters, he hesitates to put his youthful self on record: not half so much through an actual sense of modesty as through a fear of being charged with undue egotism. Especially is it true of American writers that they are never of any settled importance while they live, often though their eminence may turn out to be the merest shadow of obscurity when they have perished. So many of us are aware of this instability as regards both present and future recognition, that we shrink from committing ourselves to the confessional candor of the personal pronoun as though it were a bugaboo that might speedily devour whatever precarious good report we may have won with the capricious multitudes.

For myself, if it were at all a question of egotism in telling about my callow days as a would-be Shakespeare or Cervantes, I should have ample reason to shrink from such compromising details of narration; since I can recall scarcely a single day from boyhood until the beginning of my college career which does not put me, as an incipient author, in the most merciless light of travesty and burlesque. It is really amazing at how young an age I became thoroughly convinced that I could "write." Recollection, in this regard, has a most distinct and salient starting-point. I could not possibly have been more than ten years old when the awful command, one afternoon, at the conclusion of a somewhat hearty lunch, came to me. I was seated in my father's library. I can see with perfect distinctness the glimmering rows of bookcases, the bust of Milton surmounting one of them, the large writing-table in the center of the room, with its great glass inkstand and its bronze pen-rack. Several sheets of stainless foolscap (fatally suggestive word!) gleamed between two ledges of books. There is no doubt that I suddenly felt, there and then, the desire to "write a story." Five minutes later I had begun one, and had entitled it "Mrs. Morse; or, A Widow's Trials." My creative intoxication lasted for certainly an hour. Nothing could have been more spontaneous and authentic than the longing which I now proceeded to gratify. And as I wrote on and on, I had a peculiar feeling of relief. It seemed to me that I had been born for the task of composing brilliant fiction, and that during a long, self-misunderstood past of nine weary years, I had gone dackling until now, with my genius only moving drowsily, like an imprisoned Enceladus, in the depths of my creative soul.

"Mrs. Morse," as may be anticipated, was terrifying halderdash for those who afterward perused it. But I had taken my bent, and thenceforth had only smiles of pity for all who doubted if I were sane. The zeal with which I continued to produce many stories, through a period of five succeeding years, never for a moment faltered. I had secured delicious compensation for all the cares, adversities and monotones of my school-days. Self-reliance clad me like a garment. Now and then, though rarely, I would read aloud these tales to some juvenile friend. As a rule, however, the unshared joy of composition richly sufficed. I seemed to be spurred by some sharp sense of literary duty. As yet, I serenely argued, the fame of having myself printed and published had not arrived, but that would be sure to come in time. It was part of my radiant and peculiar destiny.

At length, both my parents and instructors began to rebel against the unwholesome effects of this constant mental distraction. The pursuit of legitimate studies had begun to suffer because of it. I was allowed to pour forth my inspirations only on Saturdays and Sundays, and felt martyred in consequence. Nothing could convince me that I was not materially aiding the Letters of my era, and building up a personal renown which the future would indorse and perpetuate. I had deserted foolscap as a medium through which art was to be served and posterity delighted, preferring ordinary copy-books, on whose salmon-hued covers would gleam my titles in mammoth letters, with "Volume First" or "Second" or "Third" in dignified accuracy of classification. Of course, my work became less crude as I grew older. My heroines were less unearthly in their loveliness, and when they swooned dead away, did so under a more provoking and adequate stress of circumstances. My heroes began to betray occasional touches of human weakness, and were not quite the paragons I had formerly painted them. My villains' eyes flashed with a less deadly luster, and their tendency toward raven hair and glittering white teeth was far less emphatic. It is my impression that I even conceded to naturalism one or two distinct points by making some very dreadful forger or assassin a pronounced blonde. My shocking family secrets were fewer, and my percentage of stolen maidens and infants changed in their cradles perceptibly decreased. It is probably true, also, that I dealt less in the glaring extremes of riches and poverty. My poor people did not pass through quite such agonizing intervals of fasting, and my wealthy ones were not encompassed by quite such bewildering splendors and luxuries. My "marble brows" and "alabaster necks" and "golden tresses" and "jeweled hands," and other physical endowments of a like sort, began to lose their every-day character of continual recurrence. Yes, I found myself certainly "improving;" and then, suddenly common sense came to my rescue, and I realized that I had been rearing only a flimsy house of cards, and saw it tumble with a smile of philosophic self-contempt. My manifold copy-books were ruthlessly destroyed. Folly was bidden a curt farewell, and behind her, as she departed, trooped a throng of idle vanities and vagaries.

Hard study for preliminary college examinations now claimed me. Then came my college days, overshadowed by a rather dreary dread of being forced, at their end, to learn law and try to practice it. The scribbling mania broke out while I was at Columbia, but in a wholly new form. I had never written much verse,

even of the most depraved doggerel description. But now I attempted two long blank-verse poems, both of which had the good luck to win prizes at the collegiate exhibitions. Plainly, I had passed beyond that tyro stage of composing unrelieved rubbish. Before I left college I had had several lyrics printed in popular magazines. Poetry had become my absorbing passion. I read nothing else, and everything that I wrote was at least metrical. There were months at a time when I scarcely even glanced at a prose work. And when it became necessary for me to make my choice (in 1868) between a literary or a legal existence, I told myself, in fear and trembling, that I was not capable of dealing with prose at all.

What a concession, this, from the once haughty author of at least fifteen dramatic tales, each fondly treasured as a luminous masterpiece! But to make a profession of verse-writing is nowadays ridiculous, except in the case of one whose pocketbook has all the size and weight of his ambition, and thus I clearly comprehended. So I went to work with what now strikes me as a good deal of dogged energy, and strove to master an acceptable prose style. How far I have succeeded, it is not for my own verdict to determine. Nevertheless, I am conscious of how much false modesty there would be in stating that I have wholly failed. It must by this time be plain to all who have read thus far in my little memoir that I possessed what is termed a natural aptitude. And yet experience long ago taught me that only the mere outward vestibule of good literary achievement is comprised in that quality. I might plunge headlong into didactic commonplace by giving cut-and-dried counsels about the value of self-discipline, the futility of spasmodic effort, the prudential help of this measure and the pernicious hindrance of that. But I will merely content myself with a single dictum, obvious, no doubt, and yet not too often kept in view by writers, either young or old: We all of us can never work so well as when we heartily enjoy our task. To make it so much of a pleasure that it is not really a task at all, diminishes in very great degree our chances of doing anything worthless. The instant that an author's pen tells him it is a perfunctory and drudging implement, that instant he is in danger of writing himself down a dullard. Contrive to keep keen and pungent the zest of your employment, and you will gain richer triumph by the book that sells a thousand copies than by one that sells fifty times more. Heaven knows, this delicate flower of artistic stimulus and exaltation is hard enough to keep thrifly abloom! But those who have thus preserved it are those who have won the greatest gains, whether they sip choice vintages from crystal beakers or only quaff small-beer from a pewter mug.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



Washington Irving

How I Witnessed Irving's Will.

DID HE REAPPEAR AFTER DEATH TO HIS RELATIVES?

IT was while I was assistant-librarian of the Astor Library that I became acquainted with Washington Irving, who was accustomed to spend much of his time there, examining volumes and gathering data for his "Life of Washington."

Mr. Irving was still very active and vital in his physical movements, his more than three-score-and-ten years sitting lightly on his shoulders. In person, he was very striking; stout, with a large head, which he carried a little on one side, and with a countenance expressive of the amiability which was a marked characteristic of his nature, and of the sense of humor which one never failed to see lurking in his bright, twinkling eyes and about the corners of his mouth, that seemed always smiling. At this time Mr. Irving used to come into the city from "Sunnyside," and spend long periods hard at work in one of the corner alcoves of what is now the south building of the Astor Library. At such times he made his home at a small private hotel on the opposite side of Lafayette Place. He had purchased "Sunnyside" twenty years before, but so much of his time had been passed abroad that it was not until about 1846 that he really began to enjoy life in his quaint, rustic Tarrytown cottage.

At the period of which I am writing I spent much time in trying to eke out a small salary by general literary work, upon which I was commonly engaged in the library after hours or on holidays. It thus frequently happened that Mr. Irving and myself were alone together in the library, and often on such occasions he



would come where I was at work—for, of course, I would not interrupt him—and would begin a conversation suggested by something met in his reading, or by some book upon which his eyes chanced to fall; and these conversations—or rather, monologues, for of course he did the talking and I the listening—remain in my memory as beautiful word-pictures of his travels, the sights he had seen and the personages he had met. Very vivid to me in particular are his careful detailed descriptions of the "Alhambra," called to mind by his memories of his diplomatic experience in Spain. Aided by the magnificent works of Owen Jones and Murphy on the Alhambra, which we examined together, Mr. Irving seemed to recall with delight his impressions of the gorgeous Moorish palace. While attached to the legation in Madrid, in 1829, Mr. Irving was permitted by the governor of the castle to reside in the Alhambra, and there he conceived the idea of the book which he published in 1832, his "Tales of the Alhambra."

Mr. Irving was, at the time I knew him, president of the board of trustees of the Astor Library, having been the first one to hold that office, at the request of the founder of the library, John Jacob Astor, whose warm personal friend he was. But although thus the official head of the institution, as well as the foremost American author, Mr. Irving was, perhaps, the most modest and retiring gentleman who ever used the library treasures for professional purposes. Indeed, he was remarkable for his unwillingness to give the slightest trouble to the assistants, and for the warmth and genuineness of the gratitude which he expressed for every attention shown him.

On the morning of December 3, 1858, occurred the incident which has given occasion for the present paper. In company with my colleague, Mr. Willard Fiske, I was attending to my customary duties in the library, when Mr. Irving entered the hall. As he passed through the iron gate which gave access to the alcoves, he accosted us, and at his request we accompanied him to a corner, where he seated himself. Drawing from his pocket a document, somewhat crumpled, he said:

"This is my will, which I have been carrying about with me for some time, waiting until I could find an opportunity to sign it before two proper witnesses. Now, if you young gentlemen will kindly assist me, I shall be able to divest my mind of this responsibility."

Of course we very willingly assented, pen and ink were procured, and after Mr. Irving had made a formal declaration that this was his last will and testament, he signed it, and then Mr. Fiske and myself signed, as attesting witnesses to his signature. Mr. Irving thanked us for the service and returned the document to his pocket.

There was something peculiarly felicitous in the chance—or intention—which brought about the signing of Washington Irving's will among the silent shades of the Astor Library, in the presence of the thousands of volumes wherein is recorded the wisdom of the whole world. Here, too, very much of the labor of his last work was performed, and here, more than in any other place in New York, he might seem to be most congenially situated, as his long life was drawing rapidly to a close.

Soon after Mr. Irving's death, Mr. Fiske and myself were duly summoned to White Plains, the county-seat of the county in which he had lived, where the will was offered for probate. We swore to our signatures and to the circumstances, and this duty being performed, I remember that we walked across the country on the crisp, snow-clad road to Tarrytown. Here we dined, and after a visit to "Sunnyside" and to the old Dutch church in whose little graveyard Washington Irving's remains had been buried, we took the train for New York.

IRVING'S GHOST.

Pursuing the reflections called up by my subject, I am reminded of an extraordinary story which was related to me by Rev. Pierre Irving, nephew of Washington Irving, a few years after the latter's death. It is quite the best authenticated "ghost story" I ever heard, and ran in this wise: The scene was at "Sunnyside," where Mr. Pierre Irving was, in company with the two nieces of Washington Irving who had kept house for him during his lifetime. It was in the morning of a summer's day. The three were sitting in a room adjoining Mr. Irving's library, engaged in conversation on general topics, and not in regard to Mr. Irving. What occurred was seen by all three.

The figure of Washington Irving, dressed in his customary clothing, entered the room in which they were, crossed it, and passed through the door into the library.

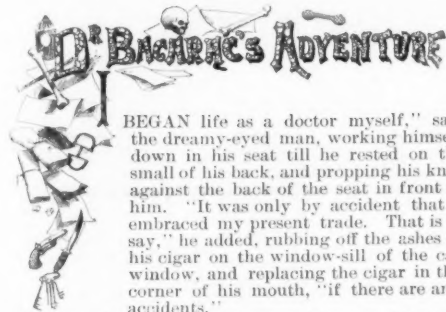
One of the young ladies cried out, as all three rose from their seats: "Heavens! there's an uncle." At once they hurried into the next room, from which there was but one means of exit, the door through which the apparition had entered it—only to find the room empty.

Mr. Pierre Irving assured me of the impossibility of any error in the matter; the figure was absolutely that of Washington Irving, and there could have been no such thing as an hallucination at once controlling three matter-of-fact and perfectly sane persons.

It is something to have been associated, no matter in how slight a degree, with a man of the high intellectual rank and personal distinction of Washington Irving. But apart from this, what a connecting link his life forms with the past! The treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed five months to a

after he was born, and he doubtless frequently saw Washington, after whom he was named. Here was one who heard Sarah Siddons in her great tragic impersonations, and who saw Nelson's fleet lying off Messina just prior to the great battle of Trafalgar. To whom Napoleon the Great was a living actuality, and Napoleon's friend and whilom protector, Talma, an actor of the day. Later, it was Scott and Campbell and Tom Moore, and so to Dickens and Thackeray, and those of our own time.

With regard to Irving's peculiar genius as a writer, it is unnecessary to make any comment at this period of his reputation. He himself best outlined the real nature of his work, when, in its early days, he thus wrote of it: "If, however, I can by lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can, now and then, penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself—surely, surely I shall not then have written entirely in vain." FRANK H. NORTON.



BEGAN life as a doctor myself," said the dreamy-eyed man, working himself down in his seat till he rested on the small of his back, and propping his knee against the back of the seat in front of him. "It was only by accident that I embraced my present trade. That is to say," he added, rubbing off the ashes of his cigar on the window-sill of the car window, and replacing the cigar in the corner of his mouth, "if there are any accidents."

He was about thirty-five years of age, and looked like a poet. He wore a soft felt-hat and a flowing neck-scarf; his hair was wavy, and his face oval and sallow, with fine-cut features. His forehead was high, with bulging brows. For a year past, on entering the smoking-car of the 8:15 train at his suburban station, I had found him sitting in the same seat, and had gradually fallen into the habit of taking my seat beside him. Thus a sort of acquaintanceship had imperceptibly grown up between us; but our conversation had never till now shown any symptoms of becoming personal.

"You are a fatalist, then?" I rejoined.

"I'm a detective," said his reply.

"Ah, indeed?" said I, much more astonished than I saw fit to show. He was not like other detectives that I knew.

"You are a writer, I think," he went on. "Not that I see any ink-stains on your fingers—I judge you use the type-writer; but I have observed that a certain kind of stories interest you—those involving peculiarities of human nature especially—and there are other indications. One of the queerest incidents in my experience was the one which led me to adopt my present profession; and, since you have finished your newspaper, I'll tell it you, if you would care to hear it."

"It was this way: Out in the town where I lived a few years ago, there was a young married man and his wife by the name of—well, say Talbot. He was a junior partner in a wholesale business, and she was a very pretty woman, but of delicate constitution. They kept themselves to themselves—not exclusive at all, you understand, but just quiet and retiring. They had no children, and no relatives that I ever heard of. They paid their bills every month, and went to church every Sunday, and that was about all they did do that we knew of. I was called in to prescribe for Mrs. Talbot once, for an attack of palpitation, and found them very nice people. They had one servant, who did cooking and general work for them. I should say that Dr. Bacarac was their regular physician; but he happened to be out of town that day, so they fell back on me. Bacarac was quite an eminent man, though he chose to live away from New York. The heart was his specialty."

"About a month after my visit, Mrs. Talbot was very ill again, and from then on, for the rest of the summer, Bacarac was there nearly every day. He told me once it was the most peculiar case he ever saw. To make it short, he did all he could for her, but she died. Talbot was in a terrible state about it; I remember thinking to myself that he was just the fellow to kill himself on account of it. One gets such notions about people, you know. However, the funeral took place all right, and though he carried on pretty bad at the grave, he didn't throw himself into it; he went home, and I made up my mind he would pull through. I noticed that when Bacarac spoke to him at the grave-side he gave him a look as savage as a tiger—which wasn't right, for Bacarac had done all man could to save the woman. And, in fact, next to Talbot himself, he appeared more affected at the funeral than any one. It had no doubt been due to him that she survived as long as she did. And I have reason to think that he had made no charge for his services, though he was a very high-priced man ordinarily."

Well, Talbot shut himself up in his house to nurse his grief. It appeared afterward that he had dismissed his servant the same day, intending to leave the town. Bacarac, the next day, went off in a hurry to visit a patient on the other side of New York—as he told me when I happened to meet him on the way to the station. All was quiet for two days after that; and then we had a sensation.

"It seems the baker had called twice at the house, and had got no answer when he rang the bell. The house appeared empty. He spoke of it here and there, and one thing led to another, until the folks began to suspect something wrong. Finally, they fetched the constable and opened the door; and there was a sight, strange enough. Talbot lay dead in the sitting-room; that was not so surprising; but what took our breath away was the fact that the body of his wife lay beside him, with nothing but a dozen yards of black cambric wrapped round it."

"It knocked the wits out of everybody, at first; but by degrees the only possible inference was accepted—that Talbot had dug her up the night after her burial,

had brought her home, and then had stabbed himself beside her. It was fantastic and horrible; but there were the facts, and no other hypothesis would fit them. There was a wound through his heart, and a carving-knife on the floor near him. Bacarac returned to town the same afternoon, and was present at the inquest. I never saw a man so broken up as he was. He made an examination, and testified as to the cause of death; I examined the body also. The verdict, of course, was suicide while temporarily insane. I walked home with Bacarac. 'I wish to God,' he said to me, 'that I had never seen either of them. That poor fellow had worked himself up to believe that I was actually the cause of his wife's death, instead of a disease which no man could cure; and that persuasion of his, crazy though it was, had an effect on my own imagination. And now he is dead on her account. It's enough to make a man curse his profession. God knows, I did my best for her.'

"You're run down and morbid, doctor," said I. "Go home and get a good sleep, and think no more about it. He'd have killed himself just the same, whether you had ever seen the case or not. He was of the suicidal temperament—I always thought so."

"Did you, indeed?" said he; and it seemed to relieve him. "For all that," he said, "science is an awful responsibility. A great deal of medicine is no more than guess-work. We can never be quite sure that we haven't made a fatal mistake. If I thought you would take my advice, I would tell you to give it up, and break stones on the road for a living, if you could do nothing else."

"He was all broken up. Like other eminent men, he was a very sensitive fellow, and had a great deal of imagination. The same high faculties that had made him what he was were his weakness also. However, time helped him, as it does all of us, and in the course of a week or so he was apparently the same as ever."

"But meanwhile I had been doing a good deal of thinking, and some investigating, without saying anything to anybody. By degrees I was led to certain conclusions; and at last I thought I could not do better than go and consult Bacarac about them, even at the risk of renewing his morbid state of mind. So I turned up at his office one evening, and he received me as if he was glad to see me. 'I wish you would come oftener,' he said."

"Before long the talk got round to the Talbots. 'I have made some queer discoveries about that doctor,' said I. 'Discoveries? How's that?' said he, looking round at me."

"Why, I doubt if Talbot killed himself, after all." "He straightened up in his chair as if an electric spark had been run through him. He looked at me as if he'd look through me. 'That's a serious thing to say,' he said at last."

"I know it, and that's why I've come to ask your advice before going further. For if anything is to be done about this thing, doctor, we ought to do it together." "He had seemed agitated at first, but now he became quiet as a stone. 'Well, what is it you think you have got hold of?' said he, leaning back in his chair and crossing his feet on the hearth-rug. 'It's ill work digging up the past.'

"It's ill work digging up corpses of any kind, doctor. Of course, it's done in our profession every day, but it's risky work. Whether the motive is good or bad from our point of view, the outsiders don't like it." "But poor Talbot's motive was certainly excusable, though—"

"I interrupted him. 'Another idea of mine is,' I said, 'that it was not Talbot who disinterred her.'

"Really! You have a complete new theory, then?" said he, with a smile."

"I don't say it's complete, doctor; but if you and I put our heads together we may make it so. I'll just explain where I am, and then we'll see. For one thing, she was buried in a white dress, with a lace edging round the throat; you remember that?"

"I can't say I do; but what of it?"

"What we found in Talbot's sitting-room was her naked body, with only some black cambric round it. He had had the white dress put on her for the funeral; why should he have taken it off after digging her up? And after taking it off, why should he wrap her in coarse black cambric? What was his object in bringing her home at all? One can understand his killing himself on her grave, or even digging her up and dying on her corpse; but he must have got a vehicle to take her home with, with the risk of exposing himself, and with no compensating advantage. Then, having got her home, why didn't he put her on the bed, or on a sofa, at least, instead of on the floor? She was tossed down any way, as if she were a bundle of carpet."

"All these things, my dear sir," said Bacarac, "are strange enough from one point of view, but easily explicable on another. There is no doubt in my mind that Talbot was actually insane; and what an insane man may or may not do is past conjecturing."

"That explanation occurred to me, doctor; but it won't cover some of the other facts. For instance, though the street door was locked, the key was not on the inside; and it has never been found at all. Why should he have taken it out, after locking the door, and why should he have been at the pains to hide it? A man so insane as he would never have thought of that. Then, again, he must have brought the body either in a wagon or in a wheelbarrow; if the first, what became of the team after he got the body home? For he had none of his own; and if a wheelbarrow, what became of it? Besides, he could never have wheeled that body, in its white dress, through the streets of the town, in a wheelbarrow. Supposing him to have first wrapped it in the black cambric, what did he do with the dress? He did not burn it, nor did he bury it in the grave. Then, as to the grave. Why did he fill it in so carefully, instead of leaving it open? Having got the body, he would want to bring it right home; he would never stop to fill up the grave again. Besides, it was a damp night, and the loam was muddy; but there was no dirt on his dress, or even on his boots. No, doctor, whoever else dug up Mrs. Talbot and carried her to Talbot's house, it is as plain as daylight that Talbot himself could not have done it. We may take that as settled."

"Possibly; but is it not still more impossible to suppose that any one else could have done it? What motive could such a person have had, not only in disintering her, but in taking her, of all places in the world, to her husband's house?"

"We are coming to that, doctor; but first there is

something to be said about Talbot's body. He was stabbed through the heart, and a carving-knife was lying beside him; but it was not that carving-knife that he was stabbed with. The stabbing was done with an instrument not half so wide as the knife, and very much sharper. I have a dissecting-tool at home that would have made exactly such a wound; I dare say you may have one. The wound was remarkably small, clean and deep; and the blow was given with a force that he could not have applied himself. No weapon of the sort I speak of was found about the house. In short, it is certain that Talbot could not have killed himself; he was murdered."

"Take care what you are saying!" said Bacarac.

"Wait till you hear me through," said I. "There was something peculiar about Mrs. Talbot's corpse, too."

"Ah!" said Bacarac.

"Yes, there was an incision on the left side, just below the breast. It was made by a surgeon, and with just such an instrument as that which killed Talbot. If I had been going to dissect the body with a view to finding out the condition of the heart, I should have made the cut right there, and in precisely that way. But whoever the surgeon in this case was, his dissection never got beyond that first incision. For some reason, he stopped right there. Maybe he was suddenly interrupted. Now it's an interesting question who interrupted him? Whoever it was, he never spoke of it afterward. If it was some confidant of his own, of course the dissection would have proceeded. If it was a stranger, he would have told of it—provided he was alive to tell. But if he were murdered in order to prevent his telling, where is the murdered body? No one is missing in this town; and there has been only one body found that could have been murdered; and that happens to be the body of Talbot himself. The inference is, that it was he who broke in upon this surgeon in the midst of his work. He may have suspected something, you see, and followed him up. And that would also account for the otherwise inexplicable fact that both the bodies were found in Talbot's house. For, after murdering Talbot, it would occur to the surgeon that the best way out of the scrape for him would be to take both corpses out of his own house and leave them at Talbot's, where they would ultimately be found, and the inference drawn that was actually adopted at the inquest. It all seems reasonable enough so far, doesn't it? Now, the next thing to determine is, who could have been the surgeon who dug up the body, began the dissection, was interrupted by Talbot and killed him to save exposure. There are three medical men in town, I believe, besides you and me. It must be one of them, no doubt. All we have to do is to find out what each of them was doing, or where he was, on the night of the murder; then take the one whose whereabouts are not satisfactorily accounted for, and investigate all his circumstances and conduct on or about that time, until we get the evidence to convict him. Do you agree with me?"

"You are very ingenious," said the doctor, in a husky sort of voice. "I am really not competent to aid you."

"You see, you took everything for granted. And then you went off to see that patient next morning, and were gone two or three days. By the way, you must have traveled by a roundabout route to get to the place you said you were going to; the ticket you bought at the station would have carried you in almost the opposite direction. It must have been an important case, too, if one could judge by the size of the valise you had with you; it was big enough to hold a lady's dress. Speaking of that, doctor, do you recollect some weeks ago sending me a parcel of books that I asked to borrow of you? It's an odd coincidence, but they were wrapped up in a bit of the same sort of black cambric that was used to cover the body of Mrs. Talbot. And not only that, but—"

"Well," continued my poetical-looking friend, "poor Bacarac broke down at that point. He couldn't hold out any longer. It was a rather sorry spectacle, and I was really sorry for him. I had all the evidence to finish him, had he held out; but I believe, in the midst of his agony and collapse, he was more relieved than otherwise to confess. And he explained, in his confession, one or two points that had remained a puzzle to me; and they relieved him of much of the odium of the deed, too."

"He had been deeply interested in the case, and in the woman herself, as well; and though he had never done anything overtly wrong, he had shown enough of his feeling to make Talbot a bit suspicious of him. When she died, he was still in doubt as to the real nature of her disease, which was in some respects an almost unique complication; and the idea occurred to him to get the body and investigate it. He was prompted to do it, however, only partly by his scientific curiosity; he had a morbid craving to have in his possession all that was left of the woman he had loved, too. He went out alone, dug her up with his own hands, filled in the grave and brought her home in his wagon without discovery—as he thought. But, in fact, Talbot was dogging him all the while. He got her into his work-room, prepared her for the table, and had begun work, when he was nearly stunned by a tremendous blow on the back of the head. He turned, and there was Talbot, with a club in his hand, and foaming at the mouth. He had the club up, and made a rush for him; there was no question but he meant to kill him. Bacarac had in his hand the instrument of dissection; he thrust it out instinctively as the other came on, at the same time dodging the downcoming blow. The point went through Talbot's heart, and he fell dead. That's the story," added my friend, getting to his feet as the train drew into the station."

"But what did you do?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't want to take the responsibility of hanging him—on the whole, I didn't think he deserved it. But I made him write and sign a complete confession, which I kept, to be used or not, as I might determine. I never used it. He died a month ago; and you are the first man to know the facts in the case. I have destroyed the written confession; and, as I began by saying, the incident taught me what I was really good for, and I got to become what I am now. Good-morn-ing."

William How Thomas



THE PASSING OF THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.



Thomas Emerson.



Jos. H. Harris.



William Plumb.



J. Austin Shaw.



M. Keppler.



John I. Raynor.



Theodore Roehrs.



A. T. De la Mare.



Walter F. Sheridan.



Thomas Harrison.



Edwin J. Van Reyper.



Frank Millang.



Oscar H. Presby.



Charles Millang.



F. T. Underhill.



J. R. Pitcher.



C. W. Ward.



John N. May.



Fred Weir.



Charles Krombach.



Henry A. Siebrecht.



Alex. Wallace.



W. ALBERT MANDA,
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK FLORISTS' CLUB.



A. McConnell.



E. Asmus.



John Young.



Jacob G. Behns.



Thomas Young, Jr.



F. E. McAllister.



Jas. B. Weathered.



A. Ladenburg.



W. C. Krick.



J. Arnot Penman.



C. H. Joosten.



R. Asmus.



James Dean.



A. S. Burns.



John H. Taylor.



E. Koffman.



Louis Schmutz.



J. K. Allen.



Thomas Griffin.



John G. Esler.



G. W. Hillman, Jr.



C. H. Porter.



J. Bowne Hyatt.



R. W. Carman.



Samuel Goldring.



Alex. Warendorf.



William Tricker.



T. L. Russell.



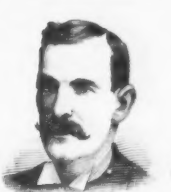
Lorenzo D. Brower.



Chas. A. Webber.



Fritz Dressel.



W. E. Davison.



C. H. Allen.



Samuel Henshaw.



John Thorpe.



W. B. DuRie.



John J. Foley.



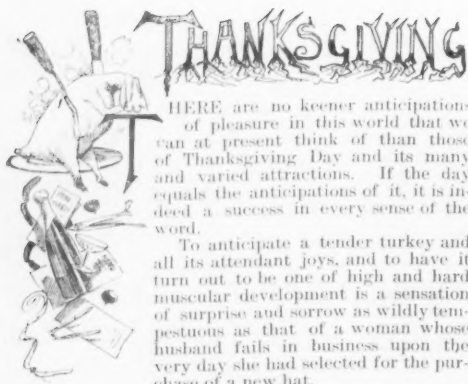
S. C. Nash.



A. Le Mout.



THE MEN WHO GROW OUR PRIZE FLOWERS.



HERE are no keener anticipations of pleasure in this world that we can at present think of than those of Thanksgiving Day and its many and varied attractions. If the day equals the anticipations of it, it is indeed a success in every sense of the word.

To anticipate a tender turkey and all its attendant joys, and to have it turn out to be one of high and hard muscular development is a sensation of surprise and sorrow as wildly tempestuous as that of a woman whose husband fails in business upon the very day she had selected for the purchase of a new hat.

Alas! the turkey of anticipation and the turkey of realization are birds of a feather, but still as different in other respects as are the bobolink and the ostrich, inasmuch as the tender turkey is as sweet as the bobolink's song, that bubbles like a seidlitz powder, while the tough and elastic bird reminds the recondite thinker forcibly of the ostrich that feasts upon stove-lids until it becomes as hard as nails.

It is believed by some ornithologists that the turkey is a bird endowed with rare wisdom and foresight, and that it knows full well that when the leaves drift about in golden argosies on the casual dyspeptic zephyr, and the pig is ripe and mellow, that it has reached that period of turkeyhood that makes it a spectacle of joy in the twinkling eye of the epicure.

In other words, the turkey knows that its antique head will shortly lie upon the ash heap, a pleasant souvenir of a luscious feast. In short, the turkey, from motives of safety and self-protection, stands on its toes and flaps its wings and goes through other calisthenics to harden its meat and make its daintiest portions as lumpy as a country hotel bed, and quite beyond the endurance of human teeth and patience.

But now we look back upon the Thanksgiving turkey that smiled sarcastically upon the anti-lean preparations put before it. For now Thanksgiving is over, and the turkey lives only in our memory, where it has an honored niche.

It was a lovely turkey through and through. Even the neck was tender and juicy, and the wings ripped like a suit of ready-made clothing on a fat man, when, in rushing to catch a ferry boat, he suddenly stoops to pick up the two cents change.

It was so good that we couldn't help smiling upon little Donald when he suggested that a cold turkey would be splendid stuffed with ice cream.

Of course, the turkey was the main attraction of the day, and the walk that we had intended

taking in the afternoon we took in the morning, because we knew that, while the walk would make us equal to the turkey, the turkey, if enjoyed first, would make us unequal to the walk.

After the feast, we stretched out upon the settee, and all our cares picked up their silken skirts and danced away to the gay refrain of the lovely post-prandial music that haunted our brain like the tender memories of our latest summer girl.

And when little Ruthven climbed upon us and sat astride our wish-bone, and cracked nuts with his teeth, and spilled the shells down our neck, we continued as serene and lovely as a summer cloud with a nickel-plated lining warranted not to fly asunder in the sleeve of the winter-before-last's overcoat, and fill us with humiliation and various epithets, for which, just at present, we are unable to conceive happy euphemisms.

The pumpkin pie was so sweet and spicy that it still illuminates the memory like a harvest moon, of which it seems a symbol as fitting as a four-dollar all-wool ulster.

We had the last of that pie and the final vestige of the plum-pudding to-day. They went together, hand in hand, like a couple of coy maidens tripping to an airy measure upon a blooming May-day.

And the carcass of the turkey, used as the base of a pot of pea-soup, rose in our frenzied yet halcyon visions like a bird of Paradise, akimbo on an iris. The pea-soup was also an aftermath of the turkey; and the second edition was almost equal to the first.

And now the bones bleach and whiten on the ash heap, while the majestic wings serve as hearth brushes. Although Thanksgiving Day was as gray as the hornet's nest that hangs above the library door, yet did it seem to us as sunshiny as a woman with a pocketful of money at a bargain counter.

The walk before alluded to was full of the tenderest of tender associations. Even the unpretentious yellow dog enjoyed it, as he circled madly about like a rabbit, and decreased the orbit until he wound himself about our feet and tried to walk up our ulster, as if to whisper something in our ear.

He seemed to know, by the way he chased the chickens along the road, that there was roast fowl of some kind freighting the languid wind with the richness of its essence.

To-day he fondly plays with the bones of that bird and lives his Thanksgiving over. Of course, his recollections of it are as sweet as ours are.

Being a long-headed, short-haired dog, with a Greek east of countenance, his memory is so good that he can remember being presented with a chop for as long a period as he can remember being plucked rudely from the ground by his tail, whirled swiftly about the head a

few times for momentum, and cast into a wayside pond to furnish a little innocent fun and diversion.

That is the reason he can remember every Thanks-



giving Day as well as he can the Fourth of July, when he hides from the eye of day and that of the small boy, that he may not have his dream of peace rudely disturbed by suddenly becoming the recipient of a large, able-bodied torpedo on the side of the head.

If we rightly remember, the cranberry sauce was eminently beautiful and lovely, and did its part toward the success of the serene and savory drama. Think of such a feast being the development of a plain United States egg, which might have been mislaid and lost or thrown at an actor.

Think of the precious chick capering around in the rain, disheveled, insignificant, mean, and then think of it bronzed to a crisp on the platter, lying on its back, well-balled with French chestnuts (not humorous antiques from the Gallic press), and its drumsticks pointing toward the ceiling at an angle of about forty-five degrees in the shade!

How can we ever forget this joyous festival? We cannot, and we would not if we could forget it like a benefit. It is garlanded with pleasant memories that cannot fade, like a pair of lavender trousers on a dog-day. These memories cling to our souls like grease spots to a new carpet, and we can hear gentle strains of music while looking back upon Thanksgiving Day, surrounded, as it was, by ashen stillness and embroidered with the russet and scarlet of roast turkey and cranberry sauces.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



SCENE A large room, handsomely furnished, with dressing-bureau, bed, tables, chairs, etc.; at one corner, before a window, sits Jefferson, busily engaged in water-color painting; his box of colors is on a small, brown trunk, which bears the initials "S. T. J." and has on it curious marks of white chalk, as though a child had scrawled thereon. On the floor are three finished, discarded sketches. At the left of the actor, on a white marble shelf, underneath a tall mirror, is a vase, bearing three large red roses; next adjoining, the photograph of a child; next, a nickel-plated revolver, of juvenile pattern. Jefferson's hands, stained with the colors in which he is working; wears a quilted housecoat of faded blue-gray, ornamented with brown braid, his low, black vest fastened by only two of its six buttons, allowing his broad, white shirt bosom, with its two small, lozenge-shaped studs to flare wide and free; has on an old-fashioned turn-down collar, set off with a black string-necktie, bearing a dotted pattern in very light violet. Trousers, black, and not especially fashionable in set or finish; shoes not polished. Place, mansion in New York. Time, yesterday.



BETTY [a trim housemaid, with a smile like Indian Summer] throwing aside a silken drapery and entering in far-down corner of room—"Mr. Jefferson, here comes Mr. ONCE A WEEK; I just handed you his card."

JEFFERSON [rising and glaring sternly, then extending his hand:] "Well, Mr. ONCE A WEEK, I am glad to see you; sit down." A suggestive pause.

J.—"Well, what can I do for you?" Business—He throws aside the unfinished sketch on which he is working and crosses his hands over his knees in a restful fashion.

MR. O. A. W.—"I see you are at your favorite diversion, Mr. Jefferson—painting landscapes. I trust I do not disturb you."

J.—"Oh, no; it doesn't amount to much."

MR. O. A. W.—"Mr. Jefferson, I heard a very interesting little story of your youth the other day, and I have been wondering if you yourself will indorse or extend it. It concerned your first voyage, years ago, in a packet ship. The—the—"

J.—"That was in '54; the ship *Neptune*; old Captain Peabody; it was my first trip to England. What of it?"

MR. O. A. W.—"Tell me about it."

J. [resuming his sketch and painting away]—"There is little to tell. I was on that ship; Tom Connery, your editor, was there, too; I remember him well; he was quite a lad then." Business—Paints the dress of a woman standing in the midst of a far-reaching valley, in the full green of summer; at her feet a line of rock and a babbling brook; makes the dress bright red.

MR. O. A. W.—"Your health was not good at that

time. You used to do one thing that frightened the boys to death; they thought you were going to die."

J.—"So?"

MR. O. A. W.—"You used to take a big bath towel, saturate it with salt water, and, before going to bed, would wrap it around your body."

J.—"It was recommended for cold. Instead of killing me, it did me good; my incipient consumption passed away with the termination of the voyage."

Business—He rubs the red off the woman's dress, scans the figure pensively through his glasses, then paints the woman's clothes bright blue.

MR. O. A. W.—"Do you have much leisure time?"

J.—"No; never!"

MR. O. A. W.—"But you must tell me of your fads, foibles and amusements; not your life on the boards, but off them—in your private person."

J.—"Hum; well [slowly] I may say, paradoxical as it be, in my leisure time [turning and smiling] I am always busy." Business—He is not satisfied with the color of the dress, so he laboriously rubs out the last tint and replaces it carefully with white.

SCENE SECOND (Setting as Before).

MR. O. A. W.—"Mr. Jefferson, you are an early riser?"

J.—"Yes; reasonably such. You know I work nights."

MR. O. A. W.—"Yes. Then your leisure time is your busiest?"

J.—"Quite so; this is my leisure time; you see how I fill every moment." Business—He is not yet satisfied with that dress, so he paints it green.

MR. O. A. W.—"Tell me about it."

J.—"I write thirty letters a day; in my leisure time, I throw about twice as many away, unanswered, for the reason that my leisure time is not long enough to finish them. When I have finished my work, I start working at something else."

MR. O. A. W.—"And the presidency of the Players' Club?"

J.—"There is much to do there in my leisure time very much to do. There are things to be decided, you know—much work—enough for any one's leisure."

MR. O. A. W.—"I see."

J.—"Then, in my leisure time, I study over dozens of plays sent me by ambitious youngsters. I meet aspirants for the stage sometimes; but every actor has to do that; it is commonplace." Business—He is still not satisfied with the central figure; so he paints beside it a child, and makes the child's dress red and the woman's gray.

MR. O. A. W.—"Ah! but how about fishing?"

J.—"Now you are talking!"

MR. O. A. W.—"You have fished everywhere?"

J.—"Pretty much."

MR. O. A. W.—"It is the favorite occupation of your leisure time?"

J.—"It is hard work."

MR. O. A. W.—"You fish a great deal with Cleveland, of course. He is a difficult man for the interviewer to meet."

J.—"Just now, yes!" Business—He is not satisfied with the dresses of woman and child; he rubs the colors out, and makes the woman's gown pink and the child's black.

MR. O. A. W.—"Cleveland is hunting squirrels."

J.—"Well, I don't blame him much."

SCENE THIRD (Setting as Before).

MR. O. A. W.—"But you were telling of your leisure time."

J.—"Yes; I work sixteen hours a day. I rise early, dine, work in the morning hours of my leisure time; dine again; work some more; enjoy more work; in the evening to the theater; then home and to bed. Next

day, leisure time employed in same way." Business—He does not like the child at all, so he suddenly blots it out. Then he changes the color of the woman's dress to a pale shade of orange.

MR. O. A. W.—"You paint landscapes, principally?"

J.—"Never anything else—never faces."

MR. O. A. W.—"From Nature?"

J.—"Always—except in such weather as this. It is too cold, you know. I have painted scenery in nearly every part of our land."

MR. O. A. W.—"What sort of scenery do you consider most effective?"

J.—"The South—yes, I love Southern scenery. The season is just now coming on when it is at its best. Business—He does not like the color of that dress, so he rubs out what he had and tries black again.

MR. O. A. W.—"It is said that when Cleveland went squirrel-hunting, when he dropped a red bird, he said: 'There goes Senator So-and-So,' and when he bagged a sandpiper, he cried out: 'That is Representative Thus—'

Silver Bill, you know. Can you extend that yarn?"

J.—"Well, I don't blame him much!" Sighs dismally, then adds: "No, I do not take much interest in politics." Business—He is not satisfied either with the

With nerves unstrung and heads that ache
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer take.

was in or her dress, so he suddenly rubs both out, and then, as he rises, showing how deep-shouldered he is. He goes to a wash-stand over in the corner, and, in a muffled voice, while bending low over the faucets, says: "My leisure time is over for today. You will have to excuse me now. I must go over to the Players' Club."

Mr. O. A. W.—"You will give me one of your discarded sketches—as a souvenir?"

Mr. O. A. W.—"When do you wish it?"

Mr. O. A. W.—"Now."

Mr. O. A. W.—"This work is not my best. I will send you something more worthy. Give me your address; there is pen and ink in the corner." Business—He wipes his hands on a towel and watches his visitor write the card.

Mr. O. A. W.—"I am sorry I cannot tell you about my leisure time, but the fact is—"

Mr. O. A. W.—"Well, we may meet again sometime; then, maybe—"

Mr. O. A. W.—"Oh, certainly, certainly." Then he says [aside]—"I wonder what in the name of—"

[Curtain.]

[No bouquets.]



THE STORY OF THE MATABILI AND OF MOSELEKATSE.

THE origin of the Matabili kingdom, as embodied in the story of Moselekatse, the South African Napoleon, father of Lo Bengula, the present king, will doubtless prove interesting to all who take an interest in the present events in Mashonaland.

Of famous military commanders Moselekatse is by far the best known and most spoken of among the native races of South Africa. Millions of dark-skinned men, who can neither read nor write, and have never even heard of Caesar, Hannibal or Alexander, pronounce his name with awe. The story, as it goes among the people, is centered solely in the great king himself, and is all the more interesting because it lacks that useless minuteness of detail which makes most of our modern histories, drawn from exhaustive official and newspaper reports, so wearisome and distracting.

In the early days of this century, before the Boers had as yet crossed the River Vaal, there lived in Zululand a petty chief named Moselekatse. Though his tribe was not by any means large, his ambitious spirit was restless. From the very moment of this man's attainment to power trouble commenced in the kingdom. Under the terrible sway of Chaka, the supreme monarch of all the Zulus, peace had for some time reigned in the country. In the fields the crops of maize and millet had been regularly planted. Undisturbed by enemies, foreign or domestic, the countless cattle of the nation grazed over the open hillsides. But in the midst of abundance Moselekatse was poor, for his share of the general wealth was but small, and yet his popularity was great. Throughout all Zululand his bravery had become proverbial; and even while still a simple warrior his reckless good nature and generosity had made him known and loved by all the semi-savage soldiery with whom he came in contact.

On his succession to his petty chieftaincy the usual dance was given, accompanied by lavish feasting and beer-drinking, as is the universal custom of the Kafir peoples. From every side the young men flocked to the festivities, and, at the end of a week, had eaten Moselekatse out of all his corn and cattle. What was he to do? They came to him for beer and for beef, and he had none to give. "Go out and take," he would say, to them. "The hills are covered with cattle." And they went and drove off the first they met, and slaughtered them and made merry. Idle and armed, satiated with food and with drink, they roamed, shouting and singing, about the kraal, and laughed at the neighboring headmen who came in to complain of their impudent daylight thefts. The reckless Moselekatse laughed among the rest; and even went so far as to force, at the point of his assegai, some of the complaining chiefs to sit down and eat of the beef so lately raided from their own herds. "Eat! eat!" he would say to them. "Be at least as wise as your dogs, and secure a few mouthfuls of your own before all is gone." Seeing plainly that no redress was to be expected from such a man, they went in a body to the royal kraal, and, in presence of the full council, stated their case to the king. When Chaka heard of such audacious conduct, his rage was dreadful to see. He slapped his hands on his thighs with a loud noise, seized his assegai, and jumped from his seat with furious looks, shouting to the trembling complainants:

"Go! Bring that hungry dog at once. I'll teach him that Chaka is still the king."

"Please your Majesty," said the quailing wretches, "we can't bring him; for all our young men have left us, and are even now drinking and dancing with Moselekatse, and helping him to slaughter our herds, if any be left by this time."

Then Chaka declared that Moselekatse and his fellow marauders should be "eaten up"—that is, annihilated and their possessions seized. He accordingly gave orders to the indunas to collect an army, at the head of which he would himself exact a terrible retribution.

Within two days the runners had brought word of these things to Moselekatse, who at once realized the danger of his position. He had, however, still a week to prepare in; for, before that time, it would be impossible for the monarch to collect his forces. The young and active Moselekatse would outwit the old and unwieldy tyrant. To bring his young men to their senses,

he must first make them sober. Accordingly, that night, he, with his confidential friends, pretended to be more than usually hilarious. He drank freely, and shouted and jumped like a lunatic, and soon had his companions as uproariously drunk as he himself appeared to be. At his suggestion, they went in this state from house to house, and, as if in fun, spilled every beer-jar in the whole village. Next day they were sober performers, for nothing was left to get drunk on. In the afternoon, when they had eaten well, and were sitting contentedly smoking in groups around the fires, Moselekatse summoned them around him, to hear something of importance he had to tell. Jumping up on the carcass of a bull, recently slaughtered but yet unskinned, he smeared his hands and his spear with the blood, and, holding them aloft to emphasize his words, told them of the fate the king intended for them. "But," said he, "Chaka is now grown old and indolent. All day long he sits gossiping among his wives. All Zululand is weary of this lazy peace. War beyond our borders is our pleasure and our profit. When Zulus are hunters men are the game. Only that dotting old man restrains us. The lion, when confined, becomes more terrible than before. The chained lions of Zululand are howling for prey. I will unloose them and lead them to their hunting-grounds."

These and other things he said to them, until their warlike feelings were strongly aroused. Then he picked out one hundred of his best runners, and gave them a message to be carried like a firebrand into all the villages of Zululand: "Every young man who desires wives and cattle, let him come at once, with two assegais, to the kraal of Moselekatse."

The runners started at nightfall, and before morning dawned numbers were already on their way, most of them hoping that some warlike expedition was intended; but some foolishly imagining they were to be the recipients of handsome presents. All the next day they continued to flock in, and the next also, and the next. They came to Moselekatse for beer and for beef. "We are hungry," said they, "and have journeyed far." "Go out and take," said he, "the hillsides are covered with cattle. Tell the herders Moselekatse sent you; but take what you want, no matter who objects."

They obeyed him well. They feasted and drank and danced, they sang songs in praise of the generous Moselekatse, who was now surrounded by ten thousand of the wildest young men of Zululand, eager to follow him anywhere, even against the king himself, if he wished it. But that was not his object. Zululand was too small for him. The sea shut it in on the east, and the mountains on the west. Africa was wide besides, and stretched so far away toward the setting sun that no man had ever yet seen its end. It was filled with people not braver than sheep, but rich both in herds and in corn-fields. These were all to be his. There were the wives and the cattle for his young men. Let Chaka and the white-heads have Zululand to themselves.

On the sixth day word was brought in that Chaka, with his army, was but a day's march off, and uttering frightful threats of what he would do on his arrival. Little did he think that his journey would be in vain. Moselekatse was not drunk, as the king imagined. He and his lieutenants had divided the young men into regiments, ostensibly for the purpose of dancing; and now, when night was fallen, fires were lighted, and they stood, each man in his place, waiting, as many thought, for the dance to commence. Up and down went Moselekatse, speaking to each regiment in turn. He told them that he was about to lead them through the rich lands of the Bechuannas; that they would need no throwing of assegais, for these people were sheep and they should be the butchers. "Do now," said he, "every man as I do;" and, standing in the light of the fire, he reached to an attendant behind him, and, taking two assegais from the bundle, smashed their long shafts across his knee, making them what they call *unkonto*, or short stabbing assegais. "Women throw from afar," said he; "but we will be like leopards, stealthily crouching till we come close, and then jumping in, dealing death with both our hands."

Eager for war, for its excitement and its prizes, these ardent young warriors rejoiced exceedingly that they had found such a leader as Moselekatse. They shortened their assegais, as he ordered, and obeyed him well in everything. Before starting, it was determined to have a final dance. Well did their crafty leader know the excitable nature of the men he had to command. To arouse their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, he acted with the most consummate cunning. The dance, indeed, he allowed to commence and proceed with energy for a little space; but then he suddenly called a halt, whereupon the men at once stood silent; for they saw by his attitude that he wished to speak, the light of the fire before which he stood gleaming brightly upon his face. "Tis nighttime," said he, "Tis not proper you should dance in the dark. I myself will give you light; and such lamps as I now supply, trust me, you shall hereafter have in plenty. Let this be the first of your lightsome nights." Stooping to the fire, he snatched up a huge brand, scattering the fireheap with his violence. He raised it high over his head that all might see, and waved it wildly about, the charcoal glowing with the movement. Then, rushing away toward the huts, he applied it to one after the other, until every dwelling in the village was in flames; and the light shot up into the



Moselekatse, from memory of a sketch made by a British officer at the time the Boers first entered the Transvaal.

sky, so that all the leaves of the trees could be seen, and every man could note the animation of his neighbor's countenance as clearly as if by daylight. Bounding like a lion, shouting loudly, and brandishing his assegais, Moselekatse rejoined the dancers, and for a time was lost in the moving crowd. The noise and confusion was at its height when again he called a halt. "Silence!" he cried. "No man must now even hear himself breathe. The leopard is about to creep off in search of prey." Every man stood silent and motionless. Moselekatse placed himself at the head of the first regiment, and in a whisper gave the word to march. The low-breathed order ran from chief to chief over the whole throng. Where before was dancing and noise now was silence and order, as, regiment after regiment, they passed away into the night, a dark tempest-cloud of war and destruction for the nations to the west, taking its origin from that burning village, where, on the morrow, the disappointed Chaka would seek them in vain, and in bitterness curse the ashes and the ruin they had left behind.

And the morning dawned and the evening came on, and with it came Chaka to the ruined kraal; but no man was there, nor any life, but only heaps of ashes and trampled ground, with vultures sitting on the bone-heaps—the bones of the cattle that had been stolen—many of them from the herds of the king himself. But Moselekatse was afar off by the journey of a whole day, preparing for another dance and a feast on some of the king's beasts he took care to drive with him for supplies. Still to the west the next day also he marched, but no town was yet in sight; so once again he halted and feasted and danced and made merry, for the angry Chaka was now out of reach. "To-morrow," said he, "we will sharpen our assegais in the kraals of the Bechuannas, and make beer from corn their women have planted; we will feast upon their cattle, and carry off their young men to be our servants."

On the third day the villages of the Bechuannas were in sight, each fortified round about against the attacks of the marauding Zulus. To each one as he came the ruthless chief made the same demand—"Deliver up your wives to make our fires, your cattle for our feasts, and your young men to be our servants." Terrible was the fate of any village refusing these requests. He would storm the place, kill everything living within it, even all the cattle beyond his wants, reduce it to ashes, and then pass on to the next, where the same dreadful scene was enacted. "Ah, sir," said a Bechuanna to the writer, "Moselekatse was a terrible man. He killed the old man with white hair, and the mother and the little babe at her breast."

"Hush! or I will give you to Moselekatse," says the South African mother to her child to-day, even though Moselekatse has been more than twenty years in his grave. But such is the name he has left. At first, his demands were often refused and his progress sometimes disputed; but, like a storm-cloud, he was irresistible in his pathway, while the lightnings of destruction played around him with havoc by day and by night. Before his coming Terror fled in advance, carrying on the wings of the wind the news of his doings to all the weakling peoples of the west. Fear subdued many, the points of his assegais the rest. Like a corn-field swept by the hurricane, the nations of South-Central Africa went down before his merciless spears; some to remain stricken and crushed by his oppression, but others to arise like the corn when the power of the wind has passed by.

Over all the fertile country that is now the Transvaal he swept in a pathway of ruin—a rushing cyclone, carrying his legions of destruction in a widening sweep behind him; for, day by day, the numbers of his horde increased, because, as he progressed, the young men of the conquered villages joined him—not the weak ones nor the timorous, but the turbulent, the covetous, the warlike. For them, with Moselekatse was safety and riches; behind him, misery and starvation. To the west of the Transvaal the land was uninviting; so, bending northward, he passed away over the Limpopo, and subdued all the millions who dwelt between that river and the Zambesi. How near he came to the borders of Portuguese West Africa, is unknown; but certain it is that he penetrated the valley of the Barotse, not far from the sources of the Zambesi. In all the lands he passed through, the people became his slaves and their possessions his inheritance; and good care did he take to leave garrisons behind to secure them. His young men had now the wives and the cattle he had promised.

At last, tired with conquering, he settled at Chibexego, now Buluwayo, in the rich country between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. His empire was many times larger than France. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory were his, and millions of men owed him his way. Where before had been separate tribes of weak-hearted Bechuannas was now a powerful empire of warlike Zulus. The kingdom of the Matabili was established, and Moselekatse ruled it as its first monarch. How he used the power thus acquired, how his territory soon contracted, and how the Boers in his old age wrested from him the fertile Transvaal, would be manifestly beyond the space of a paper like this to describe. A semi-savage Napoleon he undoubtedly was, and that without any of the advantages which civilization supplies to her meteoric of military renown.

G. R. O'REILLY, *Sometime Dweller in Africa.*

THE PINE GROVE.

Here is a quiet place where one may dream
The hours away and be content. It shines
With many a shadow spot and golden gleam
Under the murmur of these priestly pines.
About the level russet-matted floor,
Each like a star in his appointed station,
The sole-flowered scented pyrolas by the score
Stand with drooped heads in fragrant meditation.
The pensive thrush, the hermit of the wood,
Dreams far within, and piping at his leisure
Tells to the hills the forest's inmost mood
Of memory and its solitary pleasure.
Earth only and sun are here, and shadow, and trees
And thoughts that are eternal even as these.

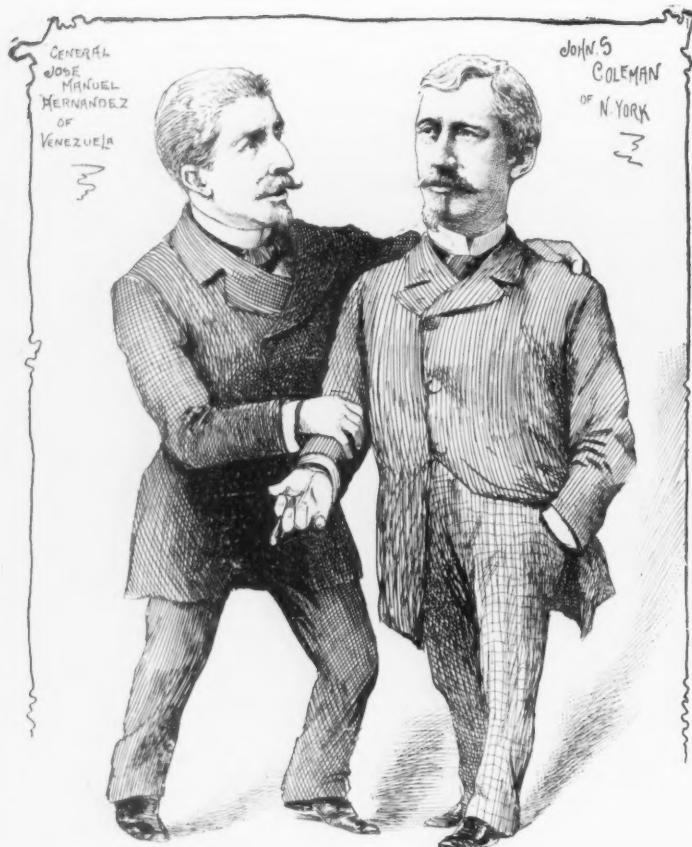
—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

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NO. 10 OF OUR GALLERY OF DOUBLES.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. EDWARD L. PIERCE has just completed the last half of his "Memoirs and Letters of Charles Sumner," a valuable and interesting work filling four large volumes. Wendell Phillips, it will be remembered, described Sumner as "the Stonewall Jackson of the Senate," and Emerson said of him that "he never knew so white a soul." His Memoirs cover the most interesting portion of slavery history—the years before the war, the wartime itself and the following period of "re-construction." The work has been brought out in England, but no doubt will eventually find its way to the American public.

MR. R. B. BROWNING, son of the poet, recently purchased the Casa Guidi, in Florence, from whose windows Elizabeth Barrett Browning

"looked forth
And saw ten thousand eyes of Florentines
Flash back the triumph of the Lombard north."

Mr. Browning has also procured, in Rome, a slab of porphyry, which is to be placed over his father's grave in Westminster Abbey.

THE present Lord Tennyson is engaged in writing a "Life" of his distinguished father. Having been for many years the constant and devoted associate of the poet, he is of all persons the most admirably qualified for the difficult and delicate task he has set himself to

dollars; but there is a clause in the instrument under which the whole estate is to go to her only son, unconditionally, if he be alive. When the will is presented for probate the beneficiaries appear, to claim their portions. The missing son appears in court and the others go home empty-handed. Mrs. Marsh of Dutchess County, N. Y., made this will, and her long missing son, Clement Marsh, once supposed to be dead, is now a very live millionaire.

THOUSANDS of Chinamen have been smuggled into this country this summer and fall. Landing in British Columbia, they have been shipped over the Canadian Pacific to a point opposite Osoyoos Lake, in British Columbia. They have only a few miles to walk from there to the boundary line, which, of course, it is impossible to patrol effectively, even by the Indian police. As Canada gets fifty dollars a head for these Celestials, it seems folly for this country to keep up the farce of Chinese exclusion, unless every Chinaman in the land is at once deported wherever and whenever found. As it is, Canada gets the queue money, and we get the heathen and his peculiarities.

"Fanny and I were the only two at the funeral, mamma, who did not cry."
"Didn't you feel like crying?"
"Oh, yes! but couldn't; we had no handkerchiefs."

A SAD CASE OF WANT.

DESCENDANTS OF BALFE, THE COMPOSER, IN A DESTITUTE CONDITION.

ON the second floor of a double wooden tenement, at 41 Kearney Avenue, Jersey City, two ladies claiming to be granddaughters of the famous composer, Michael W. Balfe, are eking out a painful and cheerless existence.

One, Miss Maude Balfe, whose picture we give, is a helpless cripple. The other, Mrs. Senise, now confined to bed with illness, is the mother of two little children, whom her husband is unable to support owing to the impossibility of finding work. The condition of the family is consequently most deplorable.

The two sisters came to this country sixteen years ago with their parents. After long and unsuccessful struggles to maintain his family, the father's health gave way, and he finally returned to the old country to claim some property left by his mother. He failed in this attempt, and eventually died in a charitable institution. The mother also died four years ago.

One of the daughters of the composer, Victorie by name, was a famous singer thirty years ago, and married Sir John Crampton, who was then Ambassador from the Court of St. James at St. Petersburg. After his death she became the wife of the Duc de Frias of Spain. The Duchesse de Frias is now visiting in England. Her nieces state that they have written to inform her of their pitiable condition.

The case is one which should appeal strongly to lovers of Balfe's music. It is hardly meet that the grandchildren of the composer of the "Bohemian Girl" should be reduced to a state of destitution, while men live to love and enjoy the fruits of his genius. But unfortunately there is an "if" in this case. In a late number of the Dublin *Figaro* we read of a certain Michael Balfe, also claiming to be the son of the great composer, who has just recovered damages from a society paper for reflection on his legitimacy. Now the question comes up is this man father of the two women in distress over in Jersey? If so, and he still lives, clearly the *Herald* was wrong in describing him as dead. We should like to know which paper is right—the New York *Herald* or the Dublin *Figaro*.



MISS MAUDE BALFE.

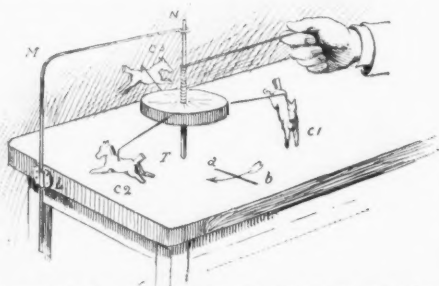


SOME OF THE ACTORS IN THE HAWAIIAN DRAMA.

RECREATIVE SCIENCE.

PASTIME FOR THE NURSERY.

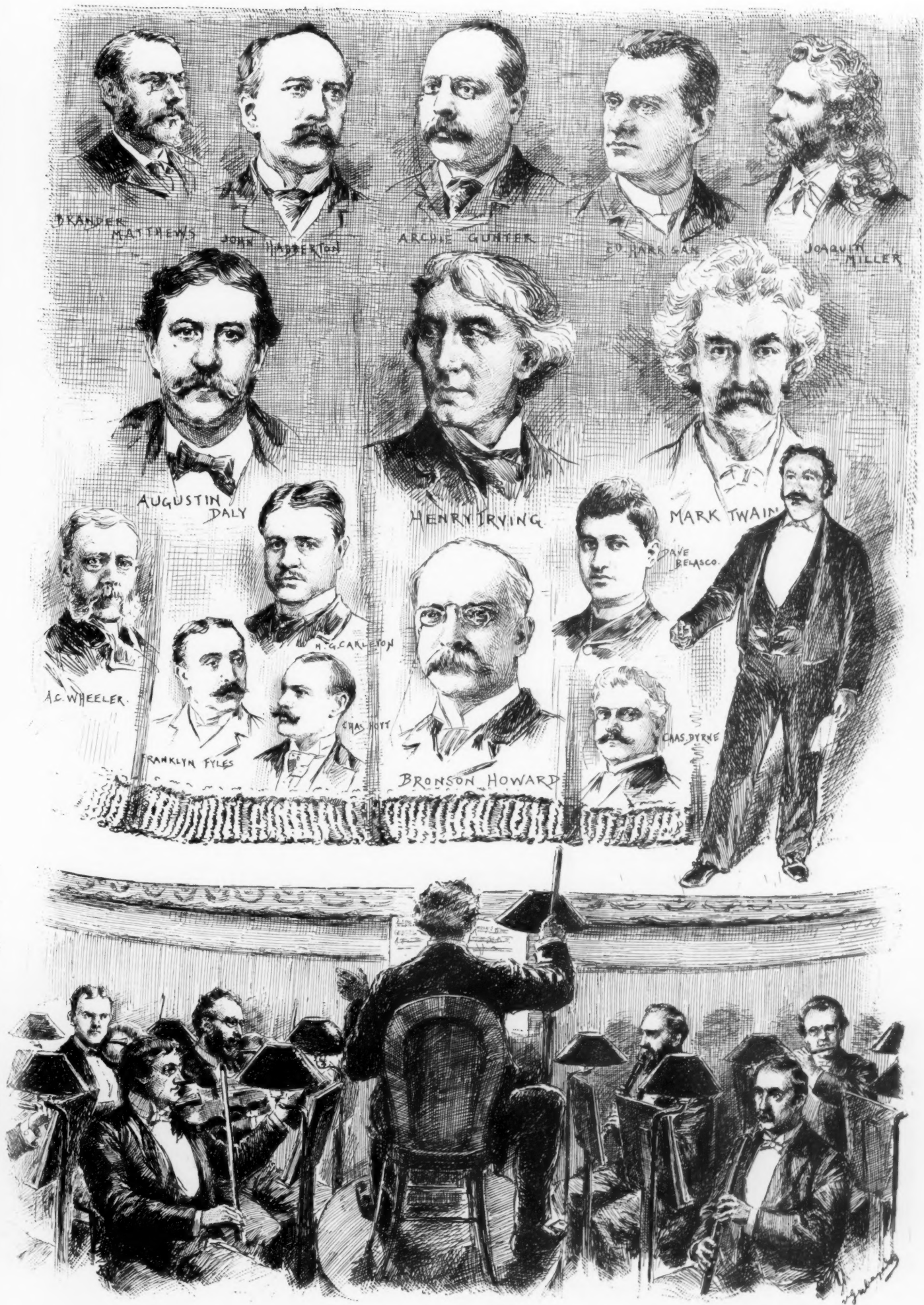
A VERY amusing game for children is shown in our illustration, and may be provided at small cost and with little trouble by carrying out the following directions: Procure a slender iron rod, bent to a right angle at about the middle point. Fasten one end to the edge of a table, as in the cut. The other end should terminate in a loop. Directly under this loop bore a small hole in the table. Cut from a wide cork stopper a cir-



cular piece of cork, and through its center pass a long nail from which the head has been removed. You will then have a rudimentary top. Lastly, cut out three figures of horses from pieces of cork, and attach them to the upper surface of the top by means of small bits of wire. Place the top in position as shown in the cut, the ends of the nail being held by the loop and the hole in the table. Wind a cord round the upper portion of the nail and draw it briskly out. The top will turn, carrying the little horses, and the horse which stops nearest to a certain point previously marked on the table gains the trick. More than three horses may be made, if desired, and interest is added to the apparatus by painting the horses different colors.



THE HOUSE AT 41 KEARNEY AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.



HENRY IRVING AND THE DRAMATISTS' CLUB.

GIRLS, GOWNS AND GOSSIP.

Our sex has many a grievance against the lords of creation; but I think the worst indignity put upon us for a long time is embodied in a charge recently made by an English bishop when rebuking his clergy for wearing beards. He actually informed them that the practice was effeminate! What! Why? How? I know that Englishwomen smoke and play cricket, and carry canes, and even walk abroad in trousers, and are not ashamed; but I had not heard that the most advanced among them affected the wearing of beards. Of course, there is the bearded lady at the circus, who, no doubt, occasionally visits those parts—and, *entre nous*, he is open to the charge of effeminacy, don't you think so?—but barring this single exception I know of none other. It pains me to have to criticize the utterances of a bishop, as I have always entertained an unbounded reverence for ecclesiastical authority; but justice compels me to protest against the slanderous suggestion conveyed in the public accusation of his lordship of Winchester.

For purposes of adornment, the hair of our heads is sufficient to us. Our glory is in it, so the good Book tells us; but, indeed, much vexation lies that way also. For instance, how can we help feeling grievously disturbed over the rumor afloat in Vanity Fair, setting forth that we must soon part our hair in the middle and train coquettish curls to fall over our damask cheeks. It is all very well to assert that a woman is as old as she feels; but I assure you, *mes chères amies*, having privately and behind bolts and bars made experiment in the style alluded to, I am in a position to inform you that full ten years were added to my age—I mean youth—by the operation. Wherefore let us unite in praying that our protests may prevail against an insidious mode that would rob us of our greatest and alas! most fleeting charm.

Do we talk too much? I know it has been said more than once on good authority, that we do. If any of my readers have sufficient humility to plead guilty, they will, perhaps, thank me for suggesting a cure. The phonograph. The method of using is quite simple. Some friend or member of the family will arrange so that, at a favorable moment when you are launching forth with characteristic loquacity, the instrument receives the torrent of your speech. Later, in the quiet of your chamber, when you are, perhaps, moralizing, with the note in your brother's eye for a text, the faithful phonograph is brought to you and made to discharge its tell-tale message, sparing to detail of delivery, bringing out the very pitch of your voice and velocity of your speech. The cure is said to work like magic. Thereafter you will attune your voice to the sweetest sounds, and utter only the most beautiful and noble sentiments, having always in your mind the possibility that your words are being treasured up for your future mortification.

The Russian Waltz is an innovation introduced in Paris by the subjects of the czar during the recent festivities at the French capital. It has become immensely popular in Parisian ball-rooms. Its distinguishing feature is a constant change of partners. It may be well enough as a novelty; but I doubt if the genuine lover of the dear, dreamy, old-fashioned waltz, which knows the secret of making "two hearts beat as one," will ever become converted to the new-fangled dance, in which you are never sure of your partner, and may have to accommodate yourself to half-a-dozen different steps for every number.

Have any of my readers ever tried to construct an Æolian harp? It is quite a simple matter. This instrument is of very ancient origin, having been invented by

the early Greeks. In every Athenian garden a few of these harps were strung up among the branches of the trees for the wind to make music with. In our day their use is less common; but some people still have a fancy for placing one in a window and listening to its plaintive, intermittent music. It would be a welcome adjunct to a nursery window. If you wish to make an Æolian harp at home, here are the directions: Take some wood a quarter-inch thick, and make a box the length of your window frame, five inches deep and seven inches wide. Now bore some holes in a circle near what will be the upper side of the back of the box. Put the box into your window and secure two bridges—just like fiddle-bridges—one to each end, stretching across strings of fine catgut, with the help of strong screwing pins. Tune to one note. Then pull up your sash when the wind is making itself known, and the air passing over the strings and through the holes will produce very charming and unexpected sounds of music.

Here is another and even more simple method. Take pieces of buttonhole twist and thoroughly wax them; tie each end firmly to a peg and thrust your



pegs down the crevices between the two sashes of your southern or western windows, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. This second and very uncomplicated device is the means of bringing you equally sweet sounds of music as the first.

FASHIONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In no way does the maternal instinct which forms an essential part of every true woman's make-up better love to display itself than in fashioning and designing dainty little garments for the young. And as the luxury which is the distinguishing mark of our age has not paused on the threshold of childhood, there is here abundant scope for the indulgence of the most elaborate as well as the most artistic fancies in dress. Nowadays, too, the small girl of eight or ten seems to possess as fine a sense of fitness regarding the quality and style of her apparel as the elder members of her sex, and the question of providing her little ladyship with a suitable outfit is one demanding care and reflection. Whether this is as it should be or not, is not in my province to determine, my mission being simply to hold up a mirror to the prevailing fashions, letting my readers judge for themselves what they shall take and what leave. In our illustration will be found models of the newest and prettiest styles in frocks and headgear for children. A charmingly picturesque hat is shown in No. 1. It is of



No. 1.

light blue felt, faced with golden brown, and is trimmed with rosettes of brown velvet and lovely light blue feathers, tipped with brown and green. The bow and ties are of light blue ribbon. The effect is indescribably dainty and becoming. Of more quaint and roguish character is the shaker bonnet, in No. 2, a style now in vogue among modish little damsels of New York. The one represented in the drawing was made of dull pink felt, bordered with a very full ruche of velvet ribbon, set off with a bow of the same. The feathers were light pink,

and the tail of pink silk was covered with cream lace.

No. 3 represents a very smart little cloak in bright red cloth, trimmed with black fur. Above the fur is an effective border of black, silver and gold braid.

Velvet, though new once more as a dress fabric, has always been a favorite



No. 2.

material for boys' dress suits, and its present popularity in every direction makes it more than ever acceptable for that purpose. No. 4 shows a tasteful design for a boy's suit in black velvet, with trimming of black silk braid and collar and cuffs of lace. A sensible and pretty party frock for a little girl is shown in No. 5. The material employed is light blue woolen, soft and fine. The yoke, girdle and foot trimming are of rich navy blue velvet, forming an effective contrast. A berth of cream lace falls over the full sleeves. No. 6 is a useful pattern of a coat for a small boy. It is made of tan kersey, and has a triple cape.

A plain and serviceable house-dress for a small girl is shown in No. 7. It is carried out in Bouclé plaid, the principal colors being dull yellow, red and black. It is finished about the waist with a black ribbon, forming a rosette and long ends at the back. No. 8 represents a baby's walking-dress in French cambric. The round yoke is made of alternate puffs and insertion. Several rows of fine tucks and one of feather stitching adorn the bottom of the skirt. In No. 9 is shown a capital little coat for a girl. It is made of bouclé cloth. The full shoulder capes are finished with a box-plaiting of narrow dark blue ribbon, that gives an original turn to the garment. The hat of golden brown felt worn with this coat was trimmed with rosettes and tips of brown, pink and green. A novel costume, shown in No. 10, is of old blue figured cloth, made with a French circular skirt and trimmed with fur. That in No. 11 is of red serge, with ruffles and girdle of bengaline silk and white guimpe and sleeves. Another red frock, that was both striking and pretty, is shown in No. 12. Diagonal cloth was the material em-

ployed for the circular skirt and plaited waist. The low, full ruffles falling over the shoulders were edged with cream lace. The collar, belt and lower part of the sleeves were of the new striped velvet in shades of blue and red. The effect was warm and pretty, and decidedly new. The little coat in No. 13 is of dull pink cloth, the military capes and collar being edged with beaver. A hat and muff to match complete this quite faultless little costume.

Greenish Gray

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK.

EDICK—SHIELDS.

On Monday, November 20, Miss Bessie Nelson Shields, eldest daughter of United States Commissioner John A. Shields, was married at her father's residence, 200 Schemerhorn Street, Brooklyn, to Samuel Delavan Edick of Cooperstown, Treasurer-elect of Otsego County. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Lindsay A. Parker, rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. Miss Helen Shields, the bride's sister, was maid of honor, and Mr. Stern Edick, the bridegroom's brother, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Gilbert Rogers, Ambrose McCabe, Frederick Mygatt and Charles Munn.

STEVENSON—DAVIS.

At Bloomington, Ill., on November 21, Lewis Green Stevenson, only son of Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, was married to Miss Helen Davis, at the residence of her father, Mr. William O. Davis, proprietor of the Bloomington Daily Pantagraph. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, upon their return from a bridal tour in Europe, will take up their residence in Washington.

SEWARD—ROACH. SEWARD—ROACH.

An interesting double wedding was solemnized, on Tuesday evening, in All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church, when two sisters, Miss Mary Anne Roach and Miss Elizabeth Roach were respectively married to two brothers, Mr. William Seward, Jr., and Mr. Edward Townsend Seward. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George F. Clover, assistant superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital. Both brides were attired alike in ribbed white silk gowns, with trimmings of pearl passementerie and lace. They wore tulle veils and wreaths of orange blossoms. The parents of the brides are dead. The bridegrooms are sons of Colonel William Seward, for many years in command of the Ninth Regiment.

WILLARD—VAN DER VEER.

Miss ELIZABETH DONNER VAN DER VEER and Mr. Frank M. Willard were married at noon on November 21, in the Presbyterian Church at University Place and Tenth Street. The bride was superbly gowned in white satin and moiré, with silver embroidery and trimmings of pearls and lace. The four bridesmaids wore white moiré gowns, trimmed with pink velvet. After the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the lady's parents, No. 25 East Tenth Street. The newly-wedded couple will take up their residence in Philadelphia.

DELAFIELD—SANDS.

At 12:30 o'clock on Tuesday, in Trinity Chapel, Mr. Maturin L. Delafield, Jr., was united in matrimony to Miss Lettice Lee Sands, Rev. Morgan Dix, rector, performing the ceremony. The bridal robe was of white satin, draped with gauze, embroidered in silver. The bride wore a point-lace veil and carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at Sherry's, given by the bride's mother.

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"QUEEN ESTHER" AND THE CLOG-DANCE.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS has material for a stirring debate in church circles—in fact, a not over-tame debate is already on. To raise funds for the Simpson M. E. Church, the ladies of the Social Choral Union devised a fair and entertainment last week, to be held in the Oakland Rink, the programme of which made room, so to speak, for a clog-dance in an amateur minstrel show. The pastor of the church, Rev. Daniel Halleran, backed by the official board, protested so vigorously against the clog-dance that the ladies agreed to withdraw it. That ended the clog-dance and started the discussion.

The ladies did not submit in silence. Their memories extended back, quite easily, to last September, when the Rev. Daniel Halleran allowed the cantata "Queen Esther" to be performed in the church edifice twice. In the cantata there are several scenes in which men and women tip glasses, supposed to contain wine. The ladies' case, as submitted, seems to be that the cantata, twice, in the church, was no less objectionable than an amateur clog-dance—probably a very harmless affair—in the Oakland Rink.

A very material point in the case is that the ladies had their own thoughts in September, but said nothing, so as to avoid a scandal and such talk as has now got into the newspapers over the clog-dance. That reticence is highly material at this time, and much to the credit of the ladies of the Social Choral Union. If a friendly presumption be allowed now in favor of the minister and the official board in September, it is that the "wine" tipped in "Queen Esther" may have been non-alcoholic, and that the cantata is upon a sacred subject; and the reticence of the Social Choral Union at the time was doubtless based upon such a view of the case. But this very reticence, so creditable, as we have said, to the ladies, works now in favor of the minister and the official board. Silence is not always golden, in the sense of gaining a point in debate; and this probably explains why it is that, in general, debates as a class have so little silence in them. The case against "Queen Esther" must be dismissed, on the ground that it is on a sacred subject; that the wine was probably not dangerous to those who tipped the glasses, nor to the material safety of the church edifice, nor to the moral welfare of the audience who were in the secret as to its chemical composition, and that—though the confessed reticence was creditable at the time—said reticence estops the fair advocates of the clog-dance now from saying much, if anything, about the cantata in the church edifice in September.

But, *audiat ut alter a paro*—that is to say, the clog-dance. The clog-dance must be heard also. Not in Oakland Rink, for that is settled, officially; but before the court of last resort—the forum of pure reason. What is the matter—to use the vernacular—with the clog-dance? Is it good for amateurs? Dangerous, decidedly dangerous. Is it a thing of beauty? Has it any poetry of motion? Will the amateur slip his knee-pan; or will he get an encore, or a bouquet, or a West Hoboken greenhouse cabbage stalk; will he go home that night or go to the hospital? These are vital questions, untinted with prejudice, ignorance of the clog or officialism. They must be squarely met!

On the other hand, would the clog have been out of place in the Oakland Rink, where there is so much room? If the amateur had prepared himself, by prayer and light meals, and his relatives with an insurance policy, why should he not dance a clog in the Rink?

The clog-dance, as usual, is a close question. It must be settled by a compromise. If amateurs can be found who will risk it, and if all necessary preparations are made for the safety of the audience and the Rink, it would seem that the Social Choral Union ought to be allowed to put one on the programme, at first experimentally and tentatively, with proper safeguards. After that, let the Social Choral Union make it a special feature at all church socials—if they will.

WERE THE FETES EXAGGERATED?

ALLUDING to the late French festivities in honor of the Russians, Edgar Saltus writes:

"The splendors have been wholly imaginary, the enchantments markedly absent, and as for the festivities, there never was anything duller—no, not even a jest in *Punch*. 'It is a page of history,' some one said to me the other day, 'I could not but reflect that it is not the history to which I turn when in search of recreation. For every-day purposes Paris is as pleasant a place to live in as any other—pleasanter, perhaps; but on high days and festivals it is the most detestable. A London crowd is stolid; you need powder and shot to move it; but a French crowd is glucose—it sticks, there is no getting rid of it, except when the heavens open and the rain pours down. During

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the past week the boulevards have been so packed that you needed a balloon to escape. The people just stood, wedged in a solid mass, and waited—for what? No one knew. There were a lot of flags to be looked at, and now and then the flaunt of a handkerchief; but no uniforms, no drum-majors, none of the laugh and clatter of brass. And yet the crowd pervaded the streets, possessed them, held them, suffering not even a carriage to pass; penetrated, it may be, by some vague idea that that sort of thing would please the czar, that they were helping their country, fortifying France. Perhaps. But a month or two hence, if Russia does not send another loan floating down on the Paris Bourse, I am less well informed than I should be. Noble sentiments are all very fine, but governments are like corporations—they have no soul. They may consider war; but what they consider first are its sinews, and in time of peace they prepare them. Russia is represented as a bear; but she isn't—she is a fox, and in little sly, sweet ways of her own she will nibble at France till there is nothing left to nibble. A page of history, indeed. A sheet torn from a bank-book, that is the meaning of the Russian fêtes."

THE Christmas numbers of the *Illustrated London News* and *Father Christmas* have reached us. As usual, they are full of interesting matter pertaining to the great religious festival.

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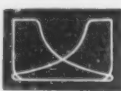
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